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PLAYBIRDS

EASTERN DELIGHT

LENA, NICKI & DEBBIE

Plus THE BROTHELS OF LEICESTER

WARNING

We would like to warn all potential purchasers of this magazine that it contains explicit photographs of both male and female genitals; and material of a highly erotic nature, only suitable for extremely broadminded adults. We warn you of these facts as it is not our intention to solicit orders from anybody who may be shocked or offended by this type of material.

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The Publishers would like to state that all the photographs in this magazine feature simulated, not real sex and additionally, all the models are over 18 years of age and that all the captions attached to pictures in no way relate to the models who are all professional models.

COVER GIRL: This month's cover girl is the delightful Lena, of whom a full picture set appears in the latest issue of COVER GIRL, the luxurious men's magazine specialising in girls of extra-special beauty. COVER GIRL is in your local newsagent's NOW, price £1, or available via mail order (Subscription £12) from: COVER GIRL, 34 Upton Lane, London E.7. (at £1.25 including carriage).

EDITORIAL

It is now three months since Mary Millington's sex film, THE PLAYBIRDS, opened at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus, where, we are glad to report, it has been playing non-stop to packed houses! Quite what it is that attracts Mary fans in such vast numbers we don't know, but if we were to hazard a guess we would say that it is connected with the part she plays – that of a lady police officer! To see the uniformed, black-stockinged sex queen peel out of her costume and 'spread', like she used to do in WHITEHOUSE magazine, is a real turn-on, but that is only the beginning! Mary also has a Lesbian sex scene with a gorgeous blonde massage girl, surely one of the most explicit sex sequences ever to be granted an X-certificate in this country. So DON'T MISS 'THE PLAYBIRDS'! It's showing 'NOW', from 11.00am daily.

Every bit as thrilling as Mary's new film is the new COVER GIRL magazine, a colour-packed, luxuriously produced men's monthly that specialises in models of exceptional beauty. It's perfectly true that the publishers of this superbly erotic magazine pay their models £5,000 to pose – and a sum as large as that is enough to coax any actress or model to pose 'a little bit kinky'! See above under 'Cover Girl' for full ordering information.

COVER GIRL is of course available at almost every newsagent, railway bookstall, etc., but not all girlie magazines can be sold so openly. In recent weeks, countless hundreds of newsagents and wholesalers have been raided by the police, and it may well be that your local newsagent no longer stocks your favourite titles. If this is the case, may we recommend taking out an annual subscription? The following magazines are all available from: 34 Upton Lane, London E.7.

Playbirds £11.40, Lovebirds, Exciting Cinema, Topbusters, Cockade £10.80, Whitehouse, M.S., Park Lane £10.20, Private, National News, Supersex, Love-In, Sexus, Pocket Playbirds, Climax £9.00, Weekend Sex £8.40.

Readers may well have noticed an improvement in the standard of photography in recent issues. This is largely due to Swedish porno director and stills photographer Gustav Steinhurst, currently in this country to shoot for us, and to direct a sex motion picture, FUNERAL IN SOHO. Gustav has asked us to point out to readers that his pictures in this issue are much milder than his usual work, but this is as far as he's allowed to go under British law at the moment. Anyway, we'll keep you informed about his film in issues to come.

STOP PRESS

FILM FANS should not miss out on the HOTTEST film showing in Soho 'EMANUELLE MEETS THE WIFE SWAPPERS' showing from Thursday, November 30th at the Moulin Cinema, Gt. Windmill St. Soho. It's the strongest film ever made in Germany! Look out for it at selected cinemas around Britain soon!

LENA LARNE

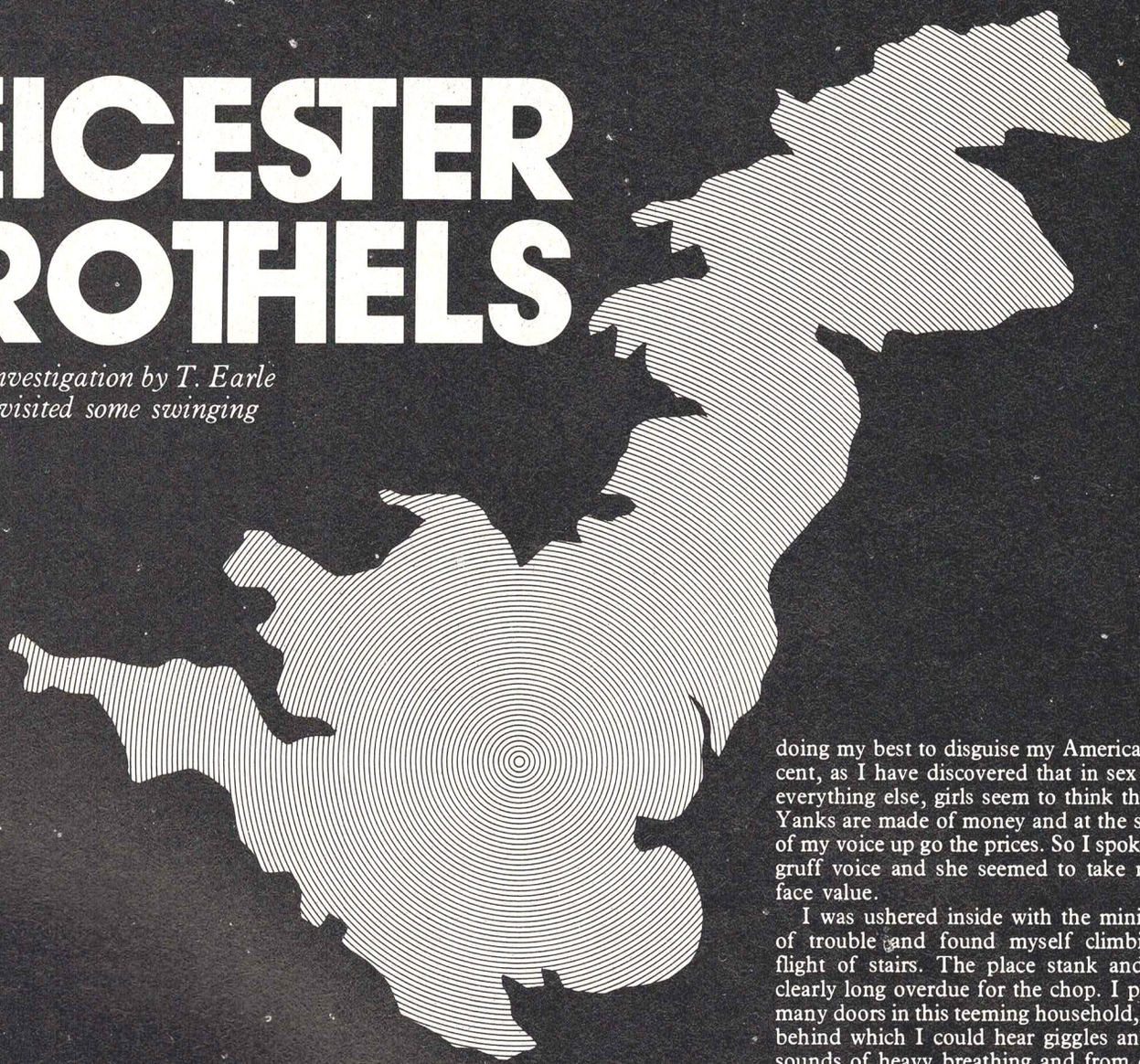
Leicester's leading lady disc jockey, makes her debut broadcast for Radio Playbirds!

Being a DJ on commercial radio stations is strictly a 24-hour job. Lena frequently sits up in bed until the early hours of the morning, listening to tapes and putting together the next day's show. But of course, every professional lady has to relax at some time or other – and Lena's a relaxation expert!

LENA LARNE

LEICESTER BROTHELS

A Special Investigation by T. Earle Grey, who visited some swinging sin-bins



Just because there are a lot of black prostitutes in Leicester, doesn't mean to say it is a racial problem, any more than the vast white prostitution problem in, say, Liverpool, means anything of the kind either. Sex crosses all barriers, especially racial ones. The main area for brothels in Leicester is near the Railway Station, a bleak and dingy lump of brick set in the London Road. At the back of this and further up the hill you come to the fringes of the Highfields area where the action takes place. These were originally slums and it was in to these that the black immigrant population was forced to move when the first immigrants came to this country. I shan't dwell on that, apart from saying that the area is gradually being cleared. But the oldest profession in the world is in full swing there, and black and white girls alike offer a wide variety of sexual service to a very greedy population who throng the seedy streets night after night in search of that female companionship which always carries a price tag.

BLACK AND WHITE GIRLS TOGETHER

It's not a pleasant area, unlike Knighton which is far posher and where brothels also exist, although in a more refined fashion and catering for a higher income bracket even though the tastes are actually a bit lower if anything. I shall deal with a brothel out that way in due course. But first let's talk about what I saw and did in the black areas of Highfields where I must stress I was in brothels where black and white girls worked side by side in kinky sessions. The only common bond in a brothel is the money that is made and the sex that is on offer. Anyone who talks about any other consideration is either a dreamer or a fool.

The first place I came to, via a chance meeting in a fish and chip shop of all places, was a dingy tenement which had seen better days. I was assured that this was one of the cheaper places where they could give a pretty good screw for as little as a fiver and have you off the premises in ten minutes. I thought it might be as well to start at the bottom and so I went along there.

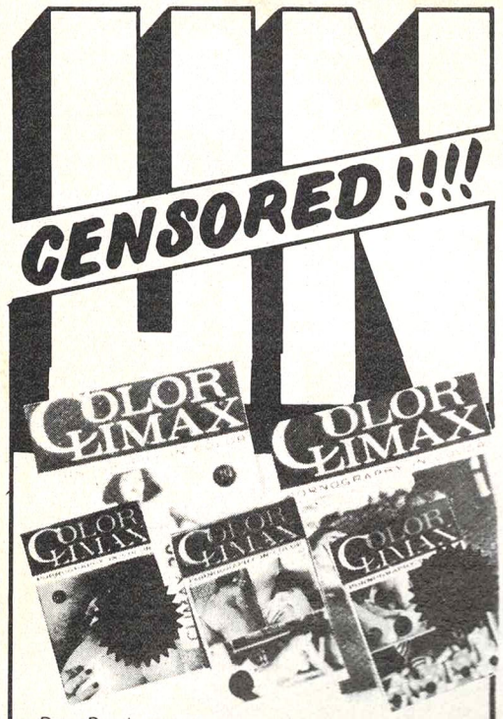
I WANT A LAY

A coloured girl opened the door and asked what I wanted. I told her I wanted a lay, doing my best to disguise my American accent, as I have discovered that in sex as in everything else, girls seem to think that we Yanks are made of money and at the sound of my voice up go the prices. So I spoke in a gruff voice and she seemed to take me at face value.

I was ushered inside with the minimum of trouble and found myself climbing a flight of stairs. The place stank and was clearly long overdue for the chop. I passed many doors in this teeming household, from behind which I could hear giggles and the sounds of heavy breathing and from one I distinctly heard what must have been the sound of whipping. This was a house which catered for all forms of vice. My guide was a girl called Sandy. She was thin and in her early twenties and there was nothing remotely attractive about her at all. She finally stopped outside a low door and knocked. I was grateful that she seemed to be nothing more than a receptionist and not an active prostitute herself.

£4 FOR A MERE "QUICKIE"

The door opened after a minute and this coloured girl stood there. She was extremely tall but also quite thin. She had large dark eyes and she had an Afro-style hair-do. She led me into the room without a word and stripped off her thin robe. "What do you want, then?" she said in a voice that combined her West Indian ancestry with her adopted Leicester/Midlands accent. I told her that I would simply like a "quickie". She said that would be £4 and that I could have five minutes or one come, whichever was the first. This was pretty poor service as far as I was concerned and I told her so. She said that if I didn't like it I could go somewhere else, and when I asked her where she merely threw her arms wide in a gesture that encompassed the entire area in which we were. I settled for this "quickie"



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I would like to take this opportunity to introduce myself to you (I am one of Scandinavia's largest dealers and I have just set up in England) – I am going to make you a really special offer to establish goodwill and to prove my fast return of post service.

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and took my clothes off. The session was timed to start from the moment I lay down on the bed.

Her name was Debbie and she was about 24. She had good legs but her body was extremely skinny and when she moved her small breasts wobbled precariously on her chest. She had long nipples which were about the most exciting part of her. I made as though to have her but she insisted that I should wear a rubber dilly. I put the cumbersome skin on my cock which was only half erect at this stage, and as I had trouble getting it on she wanked my cock quickly to get it firm. When erect I put it on and then without any preamble or any attempt to make me excited in any way, she lay on the bed and opened her legs wide.

A COOL GOODBYE FROM MISS HOT STUFF

I have to confess it, whatever the people reading this report may think. It was goddam depressing on this occasion. The girl was not in th least bit exciting and it was like going to bed with a corpse. As I climbed on to the bed with her she merely opened her fanny with her fingers and instructed me to put my cock in and screw her. Now that's fine if you are with someone who has been making love to you for some time. But – and maybe the fault is mine – I just cannot make myself too interested in someone when they simply open their legs and ask me to get on with it. However, I did have a hard on and so I pushed it into her opening and began to screw away as hard as I could. Having such a short time in which to do it made things even worse, and when I did come, just on fanny-closing time, I felt a tremendous sense of let-down. She immediately got off the bed and put on the robe and didn't even watch me dress, but started to rub her fanny waiting for the next customer. I said goodbye to her and she waved a sort of negligent hand to me.

That was the first brothel I went to in that area. The next one was slightly better in that there were white and black girls there and they were at pains to find out just what I wanted. I told them about the place I had been to earlier and they said I was lucky to get out of there in on piece. Apparently it didn't have much of a reputation among the prostitutes themselves. This house, which was not far from the first was just as much a brothel as the first had been. But it was much cleaner, had more carpet on the floor, and what was better had a different class of girl in it. If this investigation has taught me anything at all, it is to recognise the type of girl I am dealing with.

TWO GIRLS BETTER THAN ONE

I said that I wanted sex with two girls on this occasion and they said this was no problem. The charge was much higher at £20, but then they explained that I would be allowed a half-an-hour with them. They said I could have two white girls or two black ones or I could have a mixed session. Thinking that I might as well sample the best of both worlds I opted for the mixed blessings and that's what I had. I shall not mention their names here, but they were far superior in looks and performance to the ones I had first tried. The black girl had an excellent figure and was probably about 19 or 20. The white girl was older, around 26 or 27. They were both very professional but they had a desire to please which was completely lacking in the first place.

The white girl stripped off first and then started to play with the black girl's breasts and pussy telling me to take my time and look at them. This may have been to waste time by keeping me gawking while they just played about. I stopped them in their tracks by saying that I wanted sex with them, and that they could have all the sex they wanted with each other when I had gone. I got a glower for that piece of impertinence, but they soon copped on to the fact that they were not dealing with an idiot and they both undressed fully and were ready for me.

NO STAINS ON THE SHEETS

The bed was large and I was pleased to note that the sheets were clean and free from stains. The blankets were clean too. I stayed on the bed for a minute while they crowded round and then they began to play with my cock and nipples while I played with their breasts. They said they were very good at oral sex, especially the white girl. I agreed to have this for my first come and the white girl took my cock to her mouth and blew on it for a minute. This was very exciting and my hard this time was genuine and real. She took the cock in and sucked it, while the other girl came up to my head and rubbed her thighs and legs over my face as I stroked them and played with her ample muff and fanny. They excited me so fast that I was on top of my come before I really knew what was happening and when I tossed off it was a good one.

Then the black girl took over and she oralled me for awhile. As she was doing this the white girl was rubbing her boobs in my face. They were very exciting and she knew how to make a man want her. As soon as the black girl had got my cock up again she eased her body down on it, and commenced to have sex with me in the sitting position. The other girl carried on with her boobs for some time and then she too climbed on me and allowed me to lick her pussy which she held down on my face.

I know that some people would say that there are great risks involved in having sex of this kind with prostitutes, for fear of catching some sort of disease. This is something of which I was very well aware. But in the interests of getting the facts right, I thought it proper to have a decent look at what the brothels have to offer. Also, if proper precautions are taken the risk is at least minimised if not completely dispersed. So I am happy to report that in my travels throughout the big-city brothels of Britain I never caught anything like a disease.

HER FAT, RED PUSSY

Now the pair of them were servicing me for all they were worth. I still wore my watch, and I would suggest to anyone who is going to use the services of a prostitute that he should use such a device. It helps you to keep track of time, and if you are promised

a half an hour then you can ensure that you get what you are paying for. I had used up something like twenty minutes already and still hadn't entered the white girl so I made strenuous efforts to come off and eventually had a good orgasm into the black girl's fat red pussy. The moment I had come off she got off me and I signalled the white girl to lie down and took her then.

She was quite free with her body and aided me in every way she could think of. I believe that it is very important when dealing with prostitutes in brothels to ensure that you are at least on equal terms with them. If you let them dictate the content and pace of a session they will definitely try to take advantage of you in some way. Some of these girls may be nice – and I am prepared to go on record as saying that there are nice whores in Britain as elsewhere – but they are professionals, and money is their main aim in being on the game in the first place. So always make sure – if you must use prostitutes – that you let them know what you want, how much and no more you are prepared to pay – and that you take the initiative where possible. This will ensure that you get at least half a square deal from them at all times.

I climaxed again and that was it. I was towelled off by the black girl who asked me if it had been satisfactory. I said it had and she told me I was free to come there again. I then asked her if she knew of any high-class places – which rather annoyed her until I explained that a friend of mine had been to a very posh place in Leicester although I couldn't remember where. She said that there were some, and that the best place to find out was to ask a certain well-known hotel which had a fair share of high-class pimps among the customers. And that was the end of my visit to Highfields.

DIDN'T TRY TO CON

I should mention before I leave this place that the girls in this area are like most other prostitutes; they are a mixed bag. Some of them were very considerate and didn't try to con at all. Others were absolutely lethal and should be avoided like the plague. There are many small restaurants and cafes and pubs in this area and it is there that most of the touting and pimping is done. Most of the pimps are easily identifiable, although one should be careful about what is on offer. There have been many reports of mugging, although whether this is directly traceable to prostitution in the area is moot. However, one does as a general rule take one's own chances when going to a brothel, and this part of Leicester is no exception to that rule.

Another thing about the brothels round here. By and large they are fairly cheap. The average price charged for a fifteen minute session with a girl having straight sex with her is about £5 to £7. This obviously varies from place to place, and there are those who will try to get away with a tenner if they can, or even higher than that sometimes. But it's always best, if you are talking to a pimp, to make sure that the price mentioned is the full and final amount you will have to pay and please take no notice whatever of that old trick about a couple of pounds for "the maid". That's just a little bit of cream on an already very large cake and syould be resisted at all costs.

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PIMPING FOR THE "POSH"

Having savoured the dubious delights of Highfields I next went to this large and respectable hotel in the centre of Leicester. I had been told what to look for, but as it happened I didn't have to do much looking as it came to me. I was sitting at the bar having a quiet drink, not reading a paper – as if you read a paper people tend to leave you well alone – and looking a bit lonely. Soon afterwards a man came up to me and asked me if I was in Leicester for long and so on, the sort of talk that two strangers might have. But I knew almost instinctively that this man was a pimp and gradually he turned the talk to sex and what one could do in a rip-roaring town like Leicester.

Eventually he came to the point, but when he heard that I was interested in visiting a posh brothel he said he couldn't help but that if I stayed where I was he would try. He went over to a corner and spoke to a weedy looking character and that gent soon came over to me in his turn. He said that he heard I wanted some fun, I said I did, and he said that he would send me to a very fashionable place in Knighton.

A FRINGE-PIMP

I let him make the call but refused to hand over a cent to him. That I would hand to the girls themselves. There are lots of fringe-pimps who will take a fee for the service, and when you get there you will probably find that you have been sent to a derelict site or an empty shop or something like that. He just shrugged and said that would be okay and off I went in a taxi. It didn't take me long to realise that this area was quite different from the others I had visited, and that the sort of situation I was going to meet here would be altogether more snazzy than anywhere else.

The houses were very well-built and the whole area had an air of prosperity about it. People sometimes ask why it is possible that a brothel should exist in an exclusive area. The answer is because, for a start the people who live in these areas never dream that anything like this could go on under their noses. And secondly, they forget that such houses are usually well hidden from passers-by, that they all have high walls and gardens, that there is a considerable "visiting" social life and that people driving up in cars are not likely to attract too much attention. So Knighton was just as good a place as anywhere to have a high-class brothel and when I strode up to the front door I knew that whoever owned this place had chosen a good site for it. There was hardly a sound in the area, the garages were for two cars not one, and it was typical middle-class suburbia with a dash of the super-affluent about it.

I rang three times and waited. Then I rang three times again as I had been instructed. Shortly after this the peephole in the door, one of those that give a fisheye view of the outside, opened slightly and I knew someone was looking at me. The door then opened and I gave the name of the pimp who had accosted me and where I had met him. That tallied with what they already knew and I was inside in a second.

HER EXCELLENT FIGURE

I took stock of the girl who had let me in and was impressed. She was tall with light brown hair and she had an excellent figure. She wore an expensive dress which was almost a mini-dress actually and her breasts were about 36", as far as I could make out. Her eyes were brown too and she introduced herself as Sara. She had a slightly upper-class accent, or it may be that it was simply different from the rather flat accents I had been used to hearing in Highfields. She took my coat and led me into what looked like a small sitting room. Then she asked me what I wanted and how much I was prepared to pay. I said anything up to £50, for I had come to this place prepared to have to fork out a bit. That seemed to be alright by her, and I had a feeling that I was being quietly classified by her. Not a big spender, but quite happy at the thought of shelling out £50. I would do.

She said that she had a master-book with all the girls' photos and details in it and I should look through that and say what I wanted. This was organisation with a captial "O" and I knew it. But in one way it was relaxing to know that here was the sort of place where you didn't have to haggle and where, as I saw from my first look at the nude photos in the book, the girls were very good-looking and where they seemed to offer almost every type of sex, with prices quoted opposite each kinky offering, almost like a restaurant menu. I had to think hard to make my choice, for the girls were really good, and finally plumped for a session with a girl who specialised in leather.

NASTY NICKY

Her name was Nicky and she was tall and blonde. She had a rather cruel look about

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

READERS IN THE FOLLOWING AREAS WILL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT Mary Millington's film

The PLAYBIRDS (Cert X)

IS NOW showing at
EROS CINEMA, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON
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AND at these cinemas:

ALDERSHOT ABC, 17th Sept. **DEWSBURY** Classic, 17th Sept. **HARROGATE** ABC 2, 17th Sept. **HAMMERSMITH** ABC 2, 17th Sept. **SHEPHERDS BUSH** Odeon 2, 17th Sept. **RICHMOND** Gaumont, 17th Sept. **KILMARNOCK** ABC 2, 17th Sept. **RHYL** Astra 3, 17th Sept. **TURNPIKE LANE** ABC 2, 17th Sept. **SALTCOATS** La Scala 2, 17th Sept. **TOTTENHAM** Studio, 17th Sept. **PUTNEY** ABC 3, 17th Sept. **WAKEFIELD** ABC, 21st Sept. **SOUTHPORT** ABC, 21st Sept. **STREATHAM** ABC 2, 24th Sept. **CROYDON** ABC 2, 24th Sept. **HOUNSLOW**Odeon 3, 24th Sept. **BARROW** Astra, 24th Sept. **COLWYN BAY** Astra, 24th Sept. **GOLDERS GREEN** ABC 2, 24th Sept. **WALTHAM CROSS** Embassy 3, 24th Sept. **EALING** ABC 2, 24th Sept. **ROMFORD** ABC 2, 24th Sept. **EDGWARE** ABC 2, 24th Sept. **MILE END** ABC3, 17th Sept. **ILFORD** ABC 2, 24th Sept. **WOODFORD** ABC, 24th Sept. **PURLEY** Astoria 3, 24th Sept. **CLAPHAM JUNCTION** Granada 3, 24th Sept. **ENFIELD** ABC 4, 24th Sept. **SCUNTHORPE** ABC 2, 24th Sept. **TUNBRIDGE WELLS** Classic 3, 24th Sept. **WIGAN** ABC 2, 24th Sept. **PLYMOUTH** ABC 2, 28th Sept. **LEICESTER** ABC 3, 1st Oct. **HUDDERSFIELD** ABC 1, 1st Oct. **LOUGHBOROUGH** Curzon 2, 1st Oct. **RAMSGATE** Kings, 1st Oct. **MARGATE** Plaza, 1st Oct. **BARNSTAPLE** Classic 1, 1st Oct. **TORQUAY** The Colony, 1st Oct. **SKIPTON** Regal, 1st Oct. **ABERDEEN** ABC 2, 5th Oct. **CHATHAM** ABC 2, 8th Oct. **RHYL** Astra 3, 17th Sept. **SITTINGBOURNE** Classic 2, 8th Oct. **CLEETHORPES** ABC, 8th Oct. **BRIDGWATER** Classic 2, 8th Oct. **TAUNTON** Classic 2, 8th Oct. **YEOVIL** Classic 2, 8th Oct. **PORTSMOUTH** Odeon 2, 8th Oct. **KIRKCALDY** ABC 3, 12th Oct. **SCUNTHORPE** Studio 3, 15th Oct. **KEIGHLY** Classic 2, 15th Oct. **HALIFAX** ABC 1, 15th Oct. **BLACKBURN** Classic 2, 15th Oct. **HASTINGS** Classic 2, 15th Oct. **ACCRINGTON** Classic 3, 15th Oct. **NEWCASTLE-ON TYNE** ABC 2, Haymarket 15th Oct. **WIGAN** ABC 2, 22nd Oct. **BARROW** *Astra 3, 22nd Oct.* **EDINBURGH** ABC 3, 22nd Oct. **LUTON** ABC 2, 22nd Oct. **COLWYN BAY** Astra, 29th Oct. **HOLLYHEAD** Empire Pool, 29th Oct. **BANBURY** Classic 1, 29th Oct.**SHEFFIELD** Classic 2, 5th Nov. **WATFORD** Empire, 5th Nov. **CAMBERLEY** 5th Nov. **EAST GRINSTEAD** Classic, 5th Nov. **WISHAW** Classic 2, 12th Nov. **WEYMOUTH** Classic, 12th Nov. **ROTHERHAM** Classic, 12th Nov. **OXFORD** ABC 2, 19th Nov. **BOREDIN** Regent, 26th Nov. **CAMBRIDGE** Victoria 1, 26th Nov.

(These dates are published as a guide but subject to last minute alerations).

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De Lier Holland

3so

her, although this may have been a pose. The girl nodded and left the room and in a few minutes Nicky herself came in. She was wearing a smart housecoat and the moment she was in the room she opened her coat to let me see what she was wearing. It consisted of long leather boots, a leather bra, leather panties with holes cut in at various points, and she carried a small ornamental whip attached to her wrist by a leather thong. I nodded to show that I approved of the goods on sale, and with that she led me to a room which was spacious and very well stocked with sexual implements of all sorts and sizes.

Now I hadn't intended that there should be any domination or sadism at this session but she seemed to take it for granted that this was what I wanted, and the moment I was in the room she slashed at me with the small whip and told me to get undressed fast or she would whip me to within an inch of my life. She looked very nasty as she spoke, and I lost no time in getting out of my clothes, not because I was afraid of her but because I wanted to get to grips with her body. She had a really good one and I was rearing to sample the goods in this excellent establishment. So I got undressed pronto and into bed with her.

HURLED HIM INTO BED

Or rather, she hurled me into bed and then threw herself on top of me almost winding me in the process. I fought back at her, for I found this up-and-at-'em approach rather novel and my cock was spluttering like mad. I know that I should remain detached when something like this is going on, but that's often easier said than done and I found the more I struggled with her the better I liked it. I am not a real leather fetishist but I do like leather on a girl and she was very good.

She was down on me in a flash and soon we were struggling on the bed in grim earnest. I don't know if this was part of her routine or not, but she put everything she had into the fight and then she put her knee hard into my groin which finished me as far as the fight was concerned. When she had subdued me she slapped my face quite hard a few times and with that took off the leather panties but nothing else. She was very, very dominant and each time I looked at her blazing blue eyes and her swelling breasts I felt very randy. She held my cock in a very tight and rather painful grip and then started to wank me. I tried to resist but I couldn't and soon she had me on the point of coming. I told her this but she didn't seem to care, and just carried on until I had come off.

FEIGNED EXCITEMENT

She threw my cock away from her contemptuously but then began to wank it again, punctuating these efforts with occasional slashes of the small whip on my belly. It didn't hurt much but it did have the bizarre effect of making my cock stand up again pretty fast and then she took me. She just mounted my cock, threw herself full length against my body and commenced fucking the life from my body. I got caught up in her own feigned excitement and I have a lovely upward-facing screw that soon had me ready for number two come. This time it was a much less hectic one than the first but it was very good, and when that had tossed off she came off me and led me to a wall. She pushed me against it and this time she opened up her legs and made me bang her in that position.

It didn't take long once again. I think that I had been having so many types of sex up and down the country while doing this report on brothels, that each time it was something new and generally exciting. When my third come was over that was the end of the session too. She tugged her body off my cock and threw me a towel to dry it off with. I got dressed in silence and that was the end of my stay in that brothel. Naturally this was not the only brothel I went to in Leicester – indeed I went to three more, but this was certainly the best value even though it was the most expensive. It was also one of the few brothels that I was rather sorry to have to leave. After that, it was home to bed and the next day I was off again and ready for yet another session, this time in a small nest of brothels near the station, where most of them are concentrated.

If I have anything to say about the brothels in Leicester it is that they could do with a good clean-up. There are far too many like those in Highfields and near the Prison. They are usually rather dirty and the girls should have some medical attention. I don't mean to attack the girls personally when I say this. But more and more I am coming to the conclusion that brothels should have a very strict local authority – supervised medical check-up system, so that there is no risk of disease. And most of the punters in Leicester agree with me on this.

And now is the time to have it done – not tomorrow or the next day!

NEXT MONTH; T. Earle Grey investigates the brothels of Liverpool. The girls of Mucky Merseyside where they do all sorts for all kinds of clients. The brothels that cater for women as well as men. The ferry whores, the Irish contingent. The brothels of Anfield. All in next month's exciting and revealing look at the lecherous side to Britain in 1978. A Playbirds exclusive.

GIRLS

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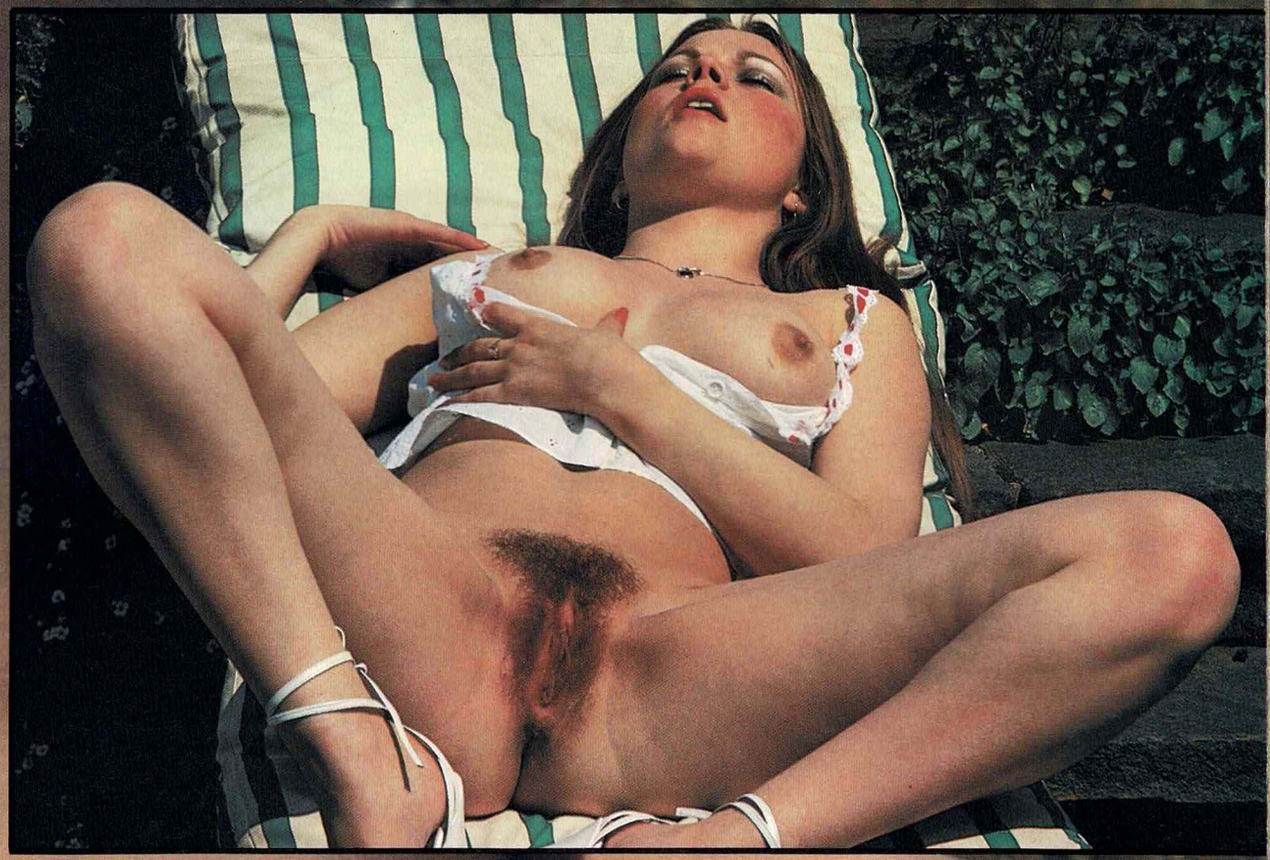
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHY NOVEL IDEAS

If really beautiful models, photographed cleverly in outdoor locations turn you on, you'll like this small set of Debbie. If you'd like to see more of her and more of even more attractive girls in even better outdoor locations see a copy of this month's COVER GIRL magazine where these pictures are taken from. Cover Girl contains 100 colour packed pages, its available from the newsagent who sold you this magazine for just £1, alternatively send £1.25 for the latest issue mail order to COVER GIRL, 34 Upton Lane, London E.7. Film fans will be pleased to know that Debbie is appearing in the latest Mary Millington film THE PLAYBIRDS, which is showing now at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus. This is an all action, all nude, all excitement, all sex, thriller, a superb film in its own right that will really amaze you (as will the bizarre climax to the film!). We urge you to see this superb film featuring Debbie as soon as possible. Look out for The Playbirds at a cinema near you soon.

We would point out that the pictures appearing here are not from the film.



THE CLUB

PART ONE

It was David's idea to turn the old, rambling country mansion in Dorset into a live sex club. The idea came to him one Sunday morning while he was in bed reading a copy of Playbirds. The more he thought about the idea the more he liked it. He turned and looked at his wife, June, who was stretched out naked in bed next to him, then he reached out, patted her on her rounded bottom, and woke her up. She sat up in bed, her firm naked breasts gleaming in the sunlight from the window and listened to what her husband had to say. As he spoke her green eyes twinkled with excitement, and she nodded her head.

"Look," explained David. "When our Great Aunt Tabatha died three weeks ago she left us that old mansion down in Dorset, and a hundred thousand pounds in cash. Now the lawyers say that the money, and the house, come to us as from tomorrow. So let's turn the place into a real sex club. It's got over forty rooms so we could really go to town on it. We could hire a few good acts from Amsterdam, a few good looking girls as hostesses, and have very rich people as members."

"It's a great idea," smiled June, her long red hair glinting in the light. "With your building experience you could redecorate and furnish the place, and with my show business connections I could get the acts together and bore the staff. Yes, I like it. I like it." She raised her arms above her head and stretched, and the hard points of her red nipples seemed to jut out a very long way indeed. She glanced over at her husband. "What's that you're reading?"

"Oh, this?" he replied. "It's the latest Playbirds I bought it last night on the way home."

"And you didn't let me see it?" June looked just a little big annoyed. "You know how much I love looking at pictures of naked females, you know very well I'm bisexual." She reached out and took the magazine away from him, and flicked through the pages, then she stopped at the centre-fold.

"Look at that," she exclaimed, her eyes flooding with desire. David lent over and saw that it was a picture of a very beautiful girl sitting on a chair. The girl was using her fingers to pull open her vaginal lips as far as they would go, and you could see all the way up inside her love tube.

"I bet the inside of my vagina is just as pretty as that," remarked June, putting the magazine down.

"So prove it," said David, sitting up in the bed and pulling the sheets from June's naked body. "You go and sit on a chair and use your fingers, and I'll tell you if you match the girl in the photograph."

June smiled, then she nodded and got up from the bed. She stood in the centre of the bedroom for a few seconds and let her husband admire her lovely naked body. June was indeed one of the most beautiful women around. Her skin was white and soft, her legs long and lithe, her breasts firm and proud, and she had also shaved off all her pubic hair so that the delicate folds of her vaginal lips pouted out very freely.

June pulled up a hardbacked chair then sat down, she spread her legs wide, then used her fingers to pull her vaginal lips open just as far as they would go; she pulled them so far apart that the skin stretched under the pressure. "Look inside me David," she called out to her husband. "Tell me which quim is the more beautiful, mine, or the girl's in the picture?"

David moved over to the edge of the bed and looked at that wide open vagina in front of his eyes. He gasped in appreciation at what he saw. Although he had often looked into his wife's quim he was always amazed at the sheer perfection that he saw there.

The inside of June's love tube was all soaking wet, her juices were slipping and sliding all over her lovely red, folded flesh, and there was such a large volume of her pussy juice bubbling away inside there that great large drops were running down and coating her fingers and then dripping onto the carpet.

"You win," said her husband, smiling. "You've got the best love tube that I've ever seen. Now come back to bed and I'll show you how great you looked."

June smiled, and a look of sheer lust appeared in her lovely eyes. She slowly pushed one of her fingers into her delicate love tube, moved it around inside herself for a while, then pulled it out again. Her finger was now covered with her very sticky pussy juice. She smiled again, then raised her finger to her mouth and slowly lapped the juice up with her darting little tongue. Then she sighed with contentment. Drinking down her own sweet tasting love juices always gave her a really first class thrill.

June walked back to the bed then stretched out beside her husband. David leant over and started to run his tongue up and down the naked folds of her pouting vaginal lips. June shivered with delight, then she shouted out loud as a small orgasm rippled through her naked frame. She reached down and clasped the back of his head with her hands and whispered: "More, David."

He didn't need asking twice. He plunged his tongue deep into her love tube and almost at once his mouth became full of her flowing sticky juices. The tip of his tongue slid over, and around the softly ribbed internal walls of her pussy hole, and all the time was sucking as hard as he could and swallowing down her musk scented juices at the very same time.

This time June had a major orgasm. Her whole body jerked and writhed and she shouted out loud with passion. She felt her juices flow out in a flood and she felt her husband's tongue dart ever deeper into her most secret places. She had never known such perfect bliss, and then orgasm after orgasm powered its

A personal message from Porno Queen

MARY MILLINGTON!

As you are probably aware, I have appeared in the only two genuinely hardcore pornographic magazines available on open sale in this country – WHITEHOUSE (85p), and PARK LANE (75p). And, solely for the benefit of dedicated hardcore fans, there are now six Whitehouse Specials – shrink-wrapped so as not to offend customers who are unaccustomed to Scandinavian-style porn.

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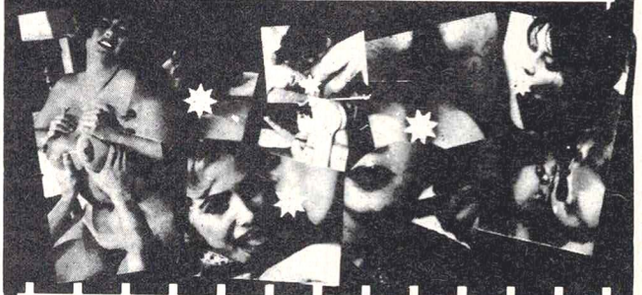

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way through her lovely naked frame.

Then it was David's turn to stretch out on the bed and June knelt over him. She looked down at his erect penis and sighed with sheer lust and desire. He really did have the most beautiful penis that she had ever seen. It was a good ten inches long, almost as thick as her wrist, and throbbed with a power that she loved.

She reached out slowly and peeled back his foreskin to reveal his very swollen glans, a glans that was wet and shining and faintly purple from all the blood that was coursing through it. June smiled, that penis in the past had given her hours and hours of pleasure. She just loved it when her husband drove it hard into her love tube, so hard that the tip of it always touched the mouth of her womb, and when that happened – which was every time they made love – she had the most fantastic orgasms, and her juices flowed out faster than a water fall.

All the way down she pulled that shiny foreskin, then she lowered her head, her soft warm tongue came out, and she traced delicate patterns over the tip of his glans with it, then she reached down with her right hand and softly fondled his balls and scrotum.

David groaned with desire and tried to relax, he didn't want to come too soon, he wanted to last as long as possible and enjoy the sensations that she was giving to him.

June lowered her lovely head a little more and took the head of his glans in between her soft lips, then she sucked very gently on it and every now and then nipped it with her perfectly white teeth.

Then she moved down even lower and the whole of his glans went into her mouth. She loved having it in her mouth, loved the savage slippery power of it, loved the taste of it, and loved the way it filled her mouth up completely. In and further in went that hard glans till the tip of it touched the back of her throat, and all the time her tongue was at work just below the head of the throbbing glans.

Then she started to suck. She used all the pressure she could summon up from her cheeks and throat, and sucked hard and long. Her left hand was running up and down the shaft, her right hand squeezing his balls, and her tongue doing fantastic things to his glans.

For twenty minutes she sucked away, and she noticed that with each suck his balls became tighter and tighter and she knew that he was very close to ejaculating.

She gave one last, final suck, and put all of her strength into it; and she was rewarded by a hot sticky powerful stream of sperm jetting into her mouth. The taste was beautiful, and she continued to suck, for she wanted her mouth to be filled right up with that lovely hot sperm. She continued to squeeze at his balls, play with his shaft, and suck as hard as she could, till in the end his penis became limp again.

June raised her head and opened her mouth, and David could see all his sperm swimming around in her mouth and coating the inside of her cheeks. June then swallowed, and as that hot sperm trickled down into her stomach she had orgasm after orgasm. The taste, and the sticky feel of sperm, always did that to her she hoped that one day she would be able to make love with two men at the same time, she really wanted to find out what it would be like to have a mouthful of sperm and also have a quimful of spunk both together. Perhaps if the sex club became a reality, she thought, I might have my wish granted.

June and her husband then had a shower and she went down on him under the hot streaming water and sucked him off again, then he made love to her, and drove his throbbing, but tired penis, into her love tube on the floor of the bathroom, and they both watched each other screwing away in the mirror on the bathroom wall. Then they got dressed and discussed more details about setting up the sex club in the old mansion that their Great Aunt had left to them.

It was agreed that David would collect the money from the lawyers and go down to Dorset and start to put the house in order, he would also include in the furnishings some very novel ideas that June suggested... like a sauna, a blue film room, a room full of mirrors, and another room full of dildoes and vibrators. In fact she came up with a great many very sexy suggestions for the house, and he made a note of every one. David would also start putting ads in all the 'posh' papers to find members for the club. The fee would be five thousand pounds a year, and that way they should get all their money back very quickly indeed.

June, meanwhile, was to go to Amsterdam and hire some of the best sex acts she could find.

Luckily David's cousin was in the building trade so he had no problems in getting the mansion changed to his requirements with no questions asked, although he did have to promise to make his cousin a member of the club when it opened, but that was a small price to pay for silence.

June, meanwhile, had gone over to Amsterdam; she used all her connections and managed to find a very good theatrical agency. Now this particular agency was slightly different from the norm, this one specialised in sex acts, and models for blue films. June took over a room in the agency and then she auditioned people for parts in the sex club in Dorset.

The first girl to be auditioned was a petite, blonde-haired girl of about twenty, and just looking at her made June's mouth water. The girl stripped off her clothes and revealed a slim body with pert, tip-tilted breasts; she had delicate pink nipples, and a neatly trimmed bush of pubic hair.

The girl's name was Sarah. She started to move her hands over her own body in such a way that June felt her own juices start to bubble away inside her.

Sarah tweeked and pulled at her nipples till they were hard and erect then she moved her fingers down to her vagina, slowly she pushed three fingers deep into her self, and then started to masturbate, as she masturbated her juices flowed down in a waterfall, and soft moans began to issue from her throat; then she fumbled about in her clothes, pulled out a thick red candle and slipped that into her vagina, then she sat down on a chair and began to push that candle in and out of her quim as fast as she could.

June liked what she saw, but decided that Sarah didn't have enough style; the girl was lovely, but she seemed to do everything without any sign of emotion, and what June was after were girls who could respond, girls who enjoyed what they were doing. So she told Sarah to get dressed, then told the next girl to come in.

The next girl was called Liv, and she was out of this world. June took one look at her and decided that she would do very nicely indeed. Liv was tall, with long black hair, a wicked gleam in her eyes, and she oozed sex appeal. The way she walked, the way she spoke, the way she moved her body, everything was

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designed to be erotic. June loved her on the spot. "What sort of act do you do?" asked June.

"It is difficult to describe in words," replied Liv, in a very low voice. "Why don't you just relax, sit back in your chair, and watch. You'll like it."

June lent back in her chair, then she gasped in admiration as Liv took off her clothes. The girl was fantastic; she had very large breasts, deep red nipples, and like June, she had shaved off all her pubic hairs, and her vaginal lips seemed to hang down a good two inches from her mound. Liv stepped across the room, switched on the radio, fiddled with the dial till she found the sort of music that she was looking for, then stepped back to the centre of the room. Then she began to dance.

And what a dance it was, she moved her body in the most suggestive way possible, thrusting her hips forward, wriggling her bum, shaking her breasts, spreading her legs, and finally parting the cheeks of her bum with her hands so that her sweet puckered anus was fully exposed, and all the while she kept in perfect time to the music. By the end of the dance June was really turned on, and wanted like hell to make love with Liv, and suck her and kiss her, and screw her.

But Liv hadn't finished her act. She stood in the centre of the room and then placed both her hands under her left breast, then she lifted it up as far as it would go, lowered her head, and was able to lick at her own nipple. That lovely nipple grew and grew under the pressure from her tongue till it was sticking out a good inch, then she did the same thing to her other breast. June clapped and said it was the best dance she had ever seen.

"But I haven't finished yet," said Liv, a lovely smile lighting up her perfect face. "There is still something else to show you." She picked up the bag she had brought in with her and produced a very large black dildo. The shaft was a good six inches thick and the knob on the end was huge. Liv looked round the room then nodded to herself. She went over to a large chair in one corner, strapped the dildo to the wooden arm, then stepped back. "Watch this," she said to June, and then she ran across the room and impaled herself on the dildo.

June gasped with surprise, she had never seen anything quite like that before in her life. Liv had run across the room, jumped at least a foot in the air, opened her legs, swung her hips back slightly, and then had managed to take that huge dildo into herself dead centre, and she hadn't seem to hurt herself one little bit. But Liv hadn't finished yet.

Her feet were still just off the ground, so she grasped the shaft of the dildo for support and then moved her hips backwards and forwards. Her juices were pouring from her quim, and she was shouting and screaming with joy, she worked herself off to a terrific climax, then she lowered herself from the dildo and stretched out on the floor. Sweat was pouring from her body, and her eyes had the glazed look of pure sexual satisfaction.

June stood up and started to take off her clothes, she looked down at Liv and said, "I'm going to make love to you." She removed her bra, freed her heavy breasts, then slid her black lace pants down over her perfectly rounded thighs.

"I was hoping you were going to say that," replied Liv, looking up in wonder at June's shaved vagina. Liv licked her lips and hoped that June's quim tasted just as sweet as it looked, for if there was one thing that Liv really liked that was to have another woman's sticky love juices trickle down her throat.

June sat down on Liv's face. The shaven folds of her vaginal lips covered Liv's mouth and nose and she breathed in deeply and smelt the musky warmth of June's pussy hole, and she almost swooned with delight, then she opened her mouth and pushed out her tongue deep into that love tube which was almost smothering her with its sweetness and wetness.

June's whole body shivered with delight and lust as she felt Liv's rasping tongue lick at her soft internal walls, she heard Liv sucking and lapping down her pussy come, and felt her clitoris bob out from its hiding place and stand to attention.

June started to wiggle her hips about so that Liv's tongue could reach every single part of her love tube. Her juices poured out and Liv could not possibly swallow them all down, so some ran from the corners of her lips and stuck to her neck, other juices ran up her nose and into her eyes, still more juice seemed to spurt out and reach her breasts and nipples. Liv had never seen such a juicy quim before.

Not that Liv was complaining, far from it, she was enjoying every single moment of it, and as her tongue went deeper and deeper into June's soaking wet and very sweet vagina, both girls had fantastic orgasms. Orgasms so great that both their bodies shook and writhed and twisted.

June told Liv that she had the job and asked her to report to the mansion in Dorset in a month's time, then she looked at all the other acts that had been lined up for her to see. Some were good, some were very good, and some were first class; and June only booked the ones that were first class. She was determined that the club in Dorset would get an international reputation that was second to none.

The next day June flew home to London, then she got into her car and drove down to Dorset. She was amazed at what David had managed to achieve in such a short space of time. The place looked really good, and David said that the club had better turn out to be a money spinner as he had sunk most of the money into redecorating.

They stayed at a small hotel in the village near the mansion while the work was being completed, and June started to go for long walks through the countryside every morning after breakfast, and sometimes David, when he wasn't tied up at the mansion, would go with her.

The found a nice little spot near a stream and often made love under the hot sun, then they would wander back to the hotel, have some lunch, and then go over to the mansion to see how the work was getting on. Bit by bit it was completed, till one day David said: "It will be finished in two days time how would you like to try out one of the rooms with me, June?" She didn't need asking twice.

David took her up to a room on the fourth floor, and June was amazed as she walked in. A huge bed dominated the large room, there were sheepskin rugs all over the floor, and mirrors on the ceiling. At the side of the bed was a small console, and David went over to it. "This will be the master guest room," he explained. "If any of our richer guests wish to stay the night then I'll charge them five hundred pounds and this is what they'll get." He touched a switch on the console, soft music filled the room, the lights dimmed, a screen swung down from the ceiling, and a very sexy blue movie flickered onto the screen.

Continued on page 86

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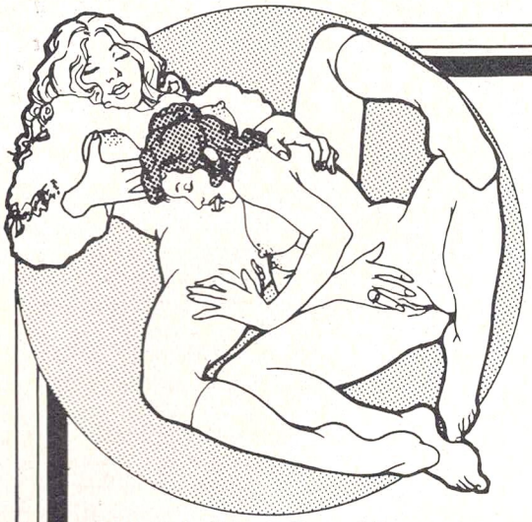

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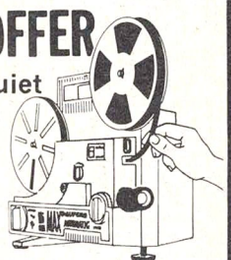

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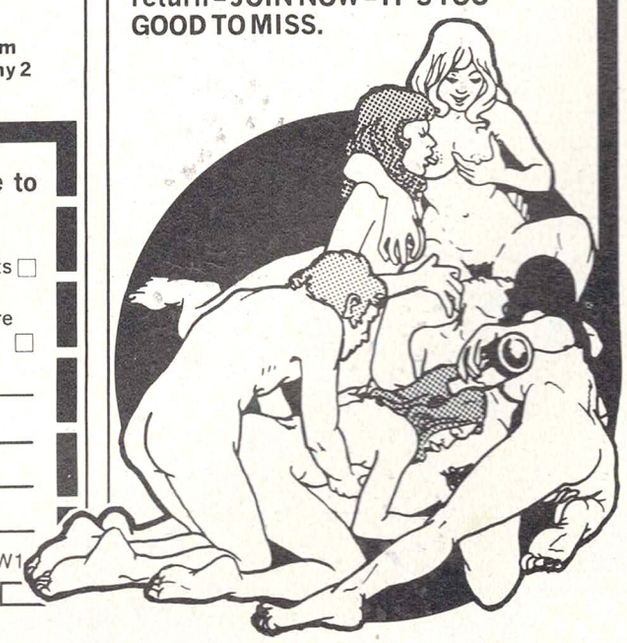

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STOCK TAKE

BY ANDREW DUNNE

I never really relish the thought of annual stock taking, finding the listing of the various items of furniture in the store a somewhat boring task. Even more the subsequent check by one of the company's auditors is always a period of sweating anticipation regarding the 'shortages' which may be found, not that I'm dishonest, far from it, but in the best run store you will always get a certain degree of 'wastage' over a twelve month period. Mind you I had thought it could be different this year, about mid-March the company issued its usual instructions regarding the check, this year making the offer for managers to employ additonal staff to assist on an 'overtime' basis. Quite a change of heart this, and one which led me down a path of deep thought. I could always have asked one of the salesmen to come in on his normal day off, but in the back of my mind was the opportunity to get to 'grips' with another member of the staff. Young Judy had only been with the company about six months, brightening those days since she had arrived with her delightful figure and attractive face. Besides which, as the store's stock clerk, what could be more logical than for her to assist me?

I got a bit of an old fashioned look from the woman in charge of the office when the suggestion was first made, crabbed old bitch. Still I was quite prepared to put up with her disapproval providing that the end result was to my satisfaction. Add to this the obvious delight of Judy when I mentioned the additional task to her and you will see what I had approached this year's stock take with more than a little enthusiasm. She was perfectly willing to come in on the Sunday to list the items, so it was that I was able to spend the two weeks prior to the day dreaming of the manner in which I would seduce her. Oh yes, I know what you are thinking... the age old male ego trip, well that's as may be but I could see no reason for not holding high hopes of success.

You will all know the sort of banter which passes around in an office or store, the odd double-sided remark. Judy took such things in good part, in fact was quite often the instigator of the remark and gave the general impression of being a girl who liked a good time. Even though I say it myself I was not at thirty-eight in any sort of advanced stage of decay, I kept myself pretty fit and led a fairly healthy sex life. What truly appealed to me was the chance to sport out my experience with a bird some eighteen years my junior, the sort of yearning which most men possess I suppose. I spent days wandering around the store preparing the stock to ensure that the job could be done speedily to allow more time for the 'important' things of the day. Imagining the method by which I would gradually break down her resistance to achieve my ends, encouraged all the time by Judy's frequent references to the forthcoming meeting.

The Saturday before the day I spent on a knife-edge of expectancy, remembering at the last minute to go out and purchase what could be a most essential commodity. Feeling a bit of a twit really because it was many years since I had purchased contraceptives, but then I had to be fully prepared and didn't know if Judy was on the pill. The gorgeous creature hung back when it came time to close the store, standing close by me in the doorway.

"I won't be late in the morning, Mr. Dunne... do you think we shall be finished by lunch time or should I bring sandwiches?"

I smiled at her. "Oh, I'm sure we can manage something better than that, Judy... probably get around to the pub for a bite to eat, now don't be late."

Judy turned before leaving, gave me a radiant smile. "I'll be on time, Mr. Dunne, you can be sure of that, I'm really looking forward to it. Goodnight." Leaving me to wonder quite what the 'it' was she referred to, whether or not she had had 'it' many times before. According to modern day thinking very few girls attained the age of eighteen and still clasped the blessed state of virginity, but thoughts along those lines only made me feel jealous of anyone granted the pleasure of knowing her intimately.

I had arranged for her to start work at nine, although I was in the store by six on that late March Sunday morning. Thereby ensuring that the central heating was fully on, that the whole place was fully aired and that a lot of the stock was listed prior to her arrival. I had far more important things to do today, right on the stroke of nine I let her in through the front door. Chunky sweater, tight jeans and her fair hair tied back into a single pony-tail, little make-up, but that which was worn highlighting her wide eyes and full lips. I had to concentrate hard to avoid making an immediate grab, satisfying myself for the present with long glances at her as she stood listing the stock on long sheets whilst I called out the numbers and a description of the goods.

"One four feet six divan, Slumbercloud. Number forty-seven." I was about to move on when she spoke.

"It looks very comfy, Mr. Dunne... do you know we had a woman in the other week who said she had bought one and that she and her husband found themselves spending far more time in it than the old one..." I heard her giggle.

"Judy... I mean I know you always call me 'Mr. Dunne' at work, do you think you could try Andy?"

Those large, saucerlike eyes looked at me innocently. "Well I could try... Andy..." The name spoken softly, almost a whisper. I felt a shiver of passion, seducing her would be even more pleasing than I had anticipated, with the determination born of need I hastened on to call out the remaining items on the ground floor, anxious now to move upstairs and out of sight of anyone who might pass the shop. What I had in mind was not for onlookers, we needed to be quite alone, quite apart from any fear of being witnessed. Judy climbed the stairs in front of me, the jeans clinging to her delightful bottom.

The first step is always the worst, that agonising suspense when one is unsure of quite what the reaction might be. I checked the whole of the second floor without so much as a suggestive comment, torn between the desire to make a move and the dreadful doubts of ultimate rejection. It was at Judy's suggestion that we took a break.

"Andy, why don't I make us a coffee?"

Grasping the thought I readily agreed, followed her up to the top floor and along to the small kitchen, there to watch as she busied herself preparing our break. It was almost eleven, two whole hours and apart from her comment regarding the double divan nothing out of the normal had occurred. Food for thought, my mind going over all the lost opportunities of the past and a new determination not to let this chance slip growing.

We were stood pretty close by the side of the gas ring, the heat from beneath the ket-

tle making the small room very warm. Quite suddenly she was facing me, not above a foot away... easily within reach, for a brief second I hesitated and then closing my eyes made a lunge forward. My arms going around her shoulders, maybe I was clumsy but Judy didn't seem to mind for at once she leaned into my embrace and I felt her face against mine. Moving sufficiently that our lips might meet, mouths joining in a very passionate kiss. No hesitation on her part as I felt her tongue sneak out and flutter against my lips, within seconds we were locked in a fully open-mouthed oral connection. I had just reached the stage of running to the front of her sweater when the shrill whistle of the boiling kettle disturbed us, Judy twisting away to attend to the coffee making, not looking at me as I gently stroked her back.

"God, Judy, I've wanted to do that for a long time... I mean I've spent ages looking at you and wondering what it would be like to kiss you."

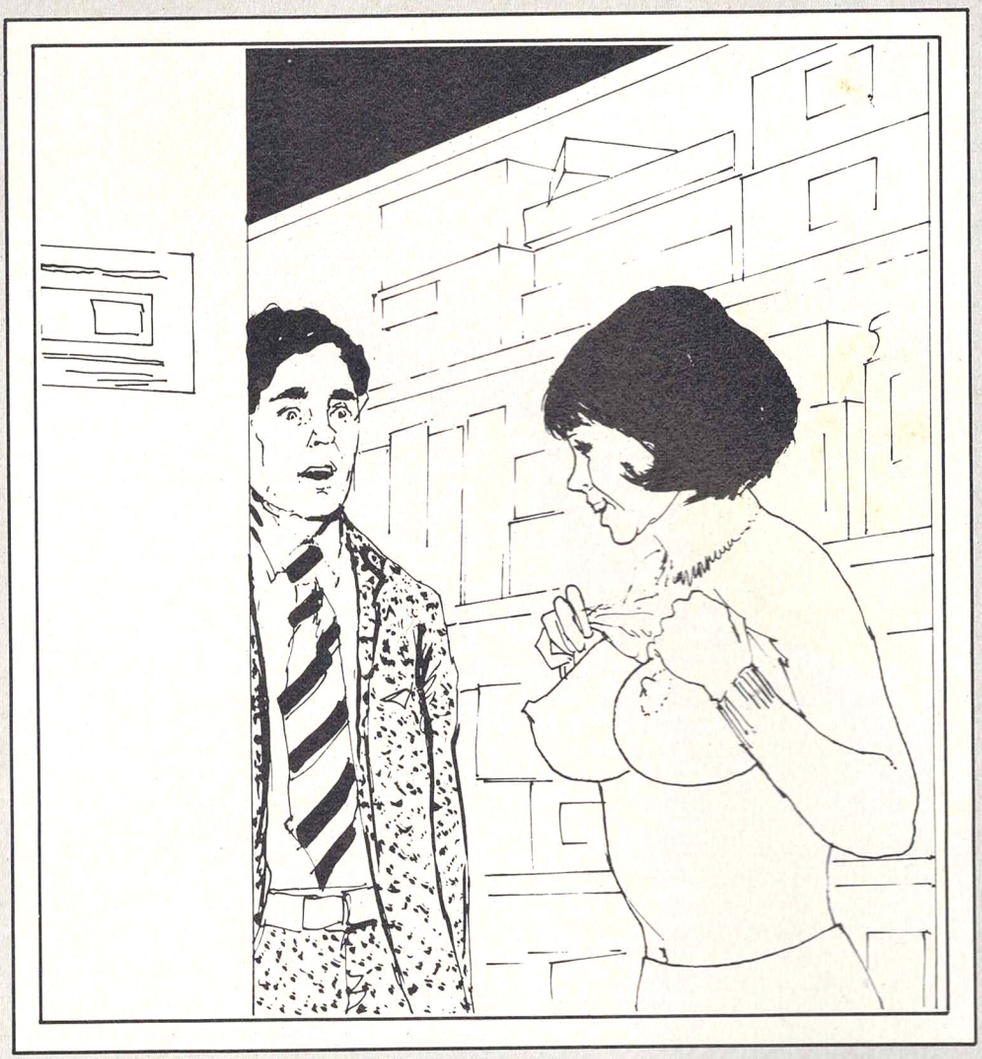
Completing the coffee making Judy brushed passed me and placed the cups on the small table, seating herself in a chair.

"So now you have... did you enjoy it?" What sort of a comment was that? Had I offended her? I began to make all sorts of excuses, telling her that she was gorgeous, attractive and that I couldn't help myself. In fact making a bit of an ass of myself as I sought desperately to excuse my conduct, throughout the scene Judy remained aloof until she judged I had finished.

"Why do older men always have to make excuses? I mean if you want to kiss me, then say so. If you want to feel me, then say so... why all the pretence?" It was hardly the reaction I had expected, tended to knock me sideways. Was it as simple as that then? Had I just to say something like 'Come on Judy, get your clothes off, I want to make love to you?'... would that I had had the courage to do just that instead of mumbling some sort of excuse, finishing my coffee and asking if she were ready to continue. I felt a right berk, here was I the supposed 'seducer' acting like a nervous schoolboy on his first sexual trip. Nor did her attitude help me, it appeared to me as if she intended to flaunt herself in front of me.

The top floor was basically used as a storage area, a jumbled heap most of the time and only really tidied at this time of year so that the stock could be properly seen. Judy spent her time bending over suites, leaning against rolls of carpet and generally making me aware of her lithe body. Things were not going as planned, in fact they were going terribly wrong in my book and I was fast reaching a stage when I wished I hadn't even started on the scheme. There had to come a point whereby the true purpose of us being there finished, with a tinge of urgency in my voice I called out the last few numbers.

Judy broke the silence which followed.



"That would appear to be that, Andy... heavens it's only twelve thirty, we have finished much sooner than I expected... what on earth do we do with the rest of the day?" That last question spoken with a wealth of meaning, undertones of sensuous delight in her voice.

"I've got an idea... I won't be long..." I slipped into the gents, took off my shoes, socks, trousers and underpants, Judy had said to dispense with the pretence, alright so I would. Quite what possessed me I'm still not sure, although I woke several times in the night afterwards in a cold sweat at the memory. She was stood by a settee when I reappeared out of the loo, just a shirt and that open, nothing to hide the sight of my fast erecting prick from her. I saw her mouth drop open, the clip board and stock sheets falling in an untidy heap at her feet.

"Mr. Dunne... what on earth do you think you are doing?"

I laughed. "Doing? Doing, Judy? I am simply taking your advice, showing you what I really want." I took a step towards her, heard her squeal as she dodged my clumsy approach, somehow I caught my foot on the edge of the carpet and fell headlong over the settee. That was damn painful especially to my rigid tool which took a battering.

"Mr. Dunne... Mr. Dunne... are you alright?" I made a few groans as Judy peered anxiously over me. "I'm sorry... truly I am if I gave you the wrong impression, I mean I had no objection to us kissing but... but I certainly didn't mean that we could do anything else."

I listened to her, she was sorry? God, so was I. Ten minutes later after I had crept back into the loo and redressed I let her out of the store, my feelings at that time being that the kindest thing which could happen would be for the ground to open up and swallow me.

It seemed an eternity to the next morning, not until almost lunchtime did I have an opportunity to speak to her alone. She was very sweet really, let me down gently and told me not to worry about what had occurred that it would remain 'our' secret. Making me feel about a foot high that she should act so sensibly and control the situation so calmly, although I wanted desperately to believe her I could not accept that she could simply dismiss the experience. However, her attitude appeared the same and I must make the effort to adjust back to normal.

The following Tuesday I was down to have my stock checked by old Dandridge, a head office auditor who really struck terror into managers' hearts. I'm sure he wouldn't have trusted his own grandmother, treating us all as if we intended to cheat the firm out of millions. When he hadn't arrived by nine thirty I knew something must be amiss, receiving a telephone call at ten to say rhat he had been taken ill and that other arrangements would have to be made. Not

until four in the afternoon did I become aware of what that meant, receiving another call from head office to say that a 'Miss Prince' would be calling tomorrow, the voice at the other end not the least bit perturbed when I pointed out that Wednesday was our closing day, simply saying that I could claim overtime if I so wished. I didn't give a damn about Miss Prince, the company or my job, alright so I would come in tomorrow, alright so I would do the stock check but whoever this mysterious female type auditor was she was going to get a piece of my mind.

It was with the same disgruntled attitude that I arrived at the branch on Wednesday morning, in my briefcase I had a bottle of sherry. Now normally I'm not a 'daytime' drinker, but today I intended to bolster my confidence to its limits in dealing with Miss Prince. I had already helped myself to a couple of glasses of the fine dry wine before a rattling on the front doors announced her arrival, the sharp sherry making me shiver and biting deep into my guts. I made a great play of opening the doors for her.

"Come in... come in, please do. Miss Prince I presume, welcome to the store... would you care for a sherry?"

I saw the look of stern disapproval on her face, quite a pretty face really for she was not as I had imagined. Around the thirty-five mark, quite well built as far as I could tell as her coat covered down to mid calf length. Trim ankles though and neat, high heeled shoes, she walked up the shop towards my office as I relocked the doors.

By the time I joined her she had removed her coat, hanging it carefully behind the door. The underlying skirt midi length, a somewhat matronly cardigan covering the top half. Her black hair cut short which gave a severe look, yet she wore eye shadow and pale pink lipstick, not in the least like old Dandridge, rather a pleasant change.

I jolted myself back to reality, remembering my promise to myself to treat this whole thing with contempt, to that end helping myself to another sherry.

"Sure you won't have one?"

Carefully she took a spectacle case from her bag, placed the glasses on the end of her nose. "No thank you, Mr. Dunne, do you make a practice of. drinking in working hours?"

I laughed. "This is my day off... or didn't you know that?"

She coughed. "Very well, shall we begin... I assume these are the sheets?" She picked up the clip board.

Perhaps it was the sherry, perhaps it was reaction from the embarrassment of Sunday, possibly a combination of the two that fired my determination to shock this prim lady out of her normal cool state. Like some ice maiden she followed me around checking off the stock until we reached the same double divan that had drawn comment from Judy. I pressed down on the mattress and smiled at her. "They tell me that this makes an excellent platform for sex, Miss Prince, that it is quite capable of supporting the most frantic sessions of sexual excess... do you suppose they might be right?" Not a twitch, not the slightest sign of reaction.

"Could I have the number, Mr. Dunne?" Damn her, damn her, I'd make her look up. My God I'd had enough of being ruled by birds on Sunday, I was certain that this character wasn't going to get the better of me as well'

Yet despite several more trips to the office to catch more sherry and several sessions of suggestive remarks, Miss Prince showed no sign of melting. Not until we reached the top floor did I get any reaction at all, then I seemed to catch her on the raw when she insisted on my measuring a carpet rather than take my word for the size I gave her. By this stage I was well away on the sherry, had some difficulty in locating my tape measure before placing it lewdly down the front of my trousers.

"About nine inches, Miss Prince... that's when it's fully aroused, on the slack I'd say no more than four. Did you ever see nine inches, Miss Prince?" She was standing stiffly, staring at me strangely. "Well? What's up, has the cat got your tongue?" Seeking to drive home the slight advantage I had, in a warped way enjoying this charade. "When did you last spread your legs for a guy? Have a hot cock shoved into your quim?" I heard the sharp intake of breath, saw her put out a hand to support herself against the wall before she made a valiant effort ot recover her composure.

"Quite what business that is of yours I have no idea, Mr. Dunne..."

I butted in again. "Andy... everyone calls me Andy, seeing that we are going to get to know each other a lot better you might as well too. Come on, what's your name?" No reply, I had brought the half empty bottle upstairs with me, supped directly from it and offered it to her. Miss Prince shaking her head as I dived for the handbag at her feet, pulled it away as she tried to recover it and unzipped. I grabbed an envelope, focussed blearily.

"Miss Doreen Prince... now that's better... Doreen eh? Well Doreen, why don't you tell me all about your sex life, starting with the last time you got laid?" I detected a touch of sadness about her features.

"I rather wish you wouldn't talk like that, Mr. Dunne. I mean it's hardly pleasant... is it?"

I scoffed at her. "Pleasant... what the hell is pleasant in this life, Doreen? My God, I'll bet it's closed up on you over the years, what you need is a good stuffing."

The sadness now replaced with anger, her eyes flashing brightly as she breathed deeply.

"I'm quite sure it is none of your business... however, to satisfy your strange curiosity it may interest you to know that I lead a perfectly normal sex life... now perhaps we could continue with the stock check?"

Oh no, no, she wasn't going to get away that light.

"I've heard that before, Doreen, I once knew a woman who hadn't been laid in ten years... when I dipped her she went crazy

Continued on page 29

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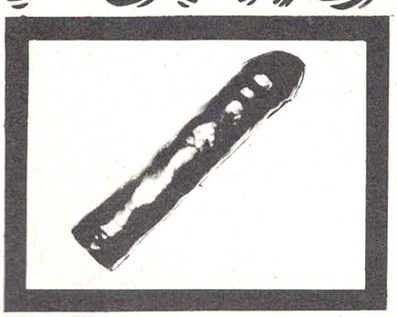

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DEBBIE

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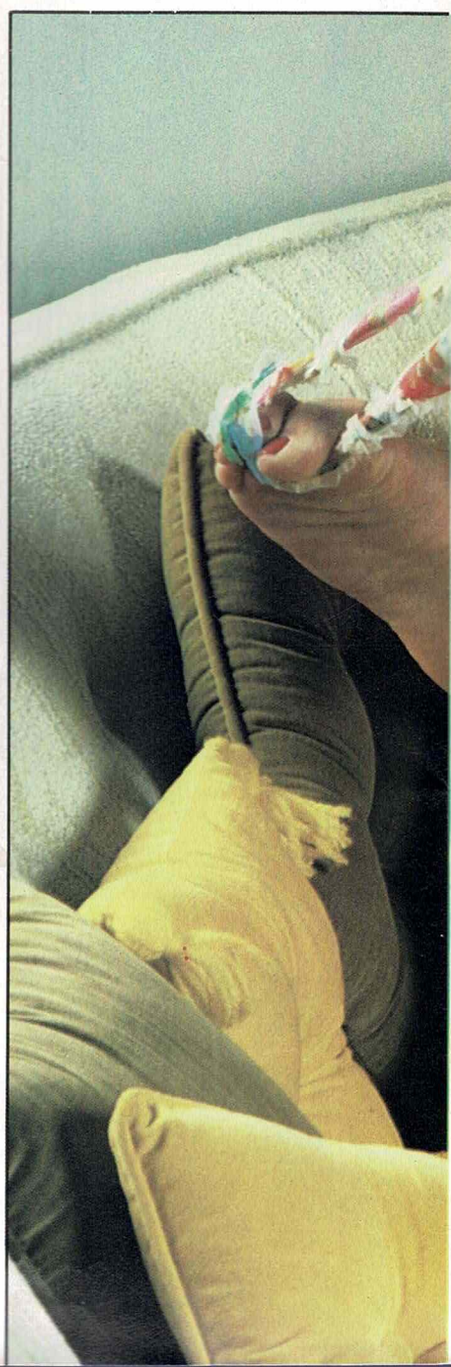
Debbie's made a living from beauty competitions, of which she's won no fewer than 23 in the past eleven months! And, bearing in mind that her tender age (sweet nineteen) belies her fabulous curves, Debbie should be able to look forward to winning even more.

Plenty of beauty contests fans would pay big money to see Debbie the big prizewinner posing like this...



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Debbie's Photo Session continues on page 33...

for it, I mean ten years is a long time between meals isn't it?" No reply. "I mean you older dames are all the same, always covering up your bodies with a stack of clothes to avoid men being able to see what you haven't really got... I'll bet you daren't take off that cardigan?" I drank from the bottle again.

"If I did... I say if, just what would it prove?"

I leered at her. "At least it would prove that you haven't anything to hide... know what I mean?"

She gave a snort, the with a toss of her head hastened to unbutton the cardigan, pulling the large buttons apart and slipping out of the thick garment. Now at the back of my mind a warning bell began to ring, in truth I hadn't expected her to do this and wasn't at all sure of quite what I should do. I gave a shrug, no going back now.

"Not bad, Doreen, not bad at all... I mean there is a nice healthy swell from under that neat blouse, I'll bet you wear a padded bra... need to so that it looks good." I was really getting home now, angrily she took off her glasses and put them into her handbag before reaching out.

"Give me the bottle, Mr. Dunne, it would appear to me that it is you who need correcting on several scores." I watched as she took the bottle, lifted it to her lips and drank deeply. The thick texture of the cardigan had certainly masked that which lay beneath, for the white cotton blouse was well filled with her bosom. Inside my guts there was building an urgent desire to press on with my taunting play. Not that I needed to say another word for her next action, the blouse tugged from the waistband of her skirt and the buttons popped open, shoulders hunched to slide the garment down to her wrists, cuffs unbuttoned and the white cotton fluttering to the floor. Doreen standing there defiantly with her sensible brassiere uplifting and parting what appeared to be a splendid pair of breasts. With some difficulty I continued.

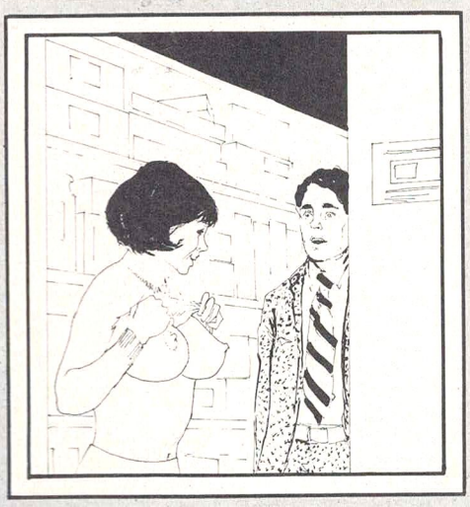
"Oh yes... sure... but what about dispensing with the sling, Doreen. I've met stacks of dames who would strip down to that level, wouldn't dare let you peek inside the bra for fear you would discover that their boobs sagged down to their ankles... are you in that category?"

Doreen still had the bottle, drank again. "Alright... Mr. Dunne, Andy... or whatever you like to call yourself, I'll show you... not because you hold any sort of power over me, simply because I despise dirty little men like you... I'll show you... I'll show you..." Already struggling to unclip and remove, making me sweat like a pig when she stood naked to the waist.

I've seen some breasts in my life, big ones, small ones, indifferent ones... some firm, some floppy... some shapely and even some ugly, but those now heaving directly under my gaze fell into a class of their own. Twin mounds of flesh, snowy white outcrops from the supporting torso, so large that one could expect them to sag a little, yet that very sagging adding to the overall picture of superb beauty. Venus did not possess a finer pair, indeed my palms

STOCK TAKE

Continued from page 24



already itched to have those lovely orbs pressed into them. I sensed a need for restraint, knew that in my method of approach I had stumbled upon the key to Doreen's eventual downfall but that the moment of weakness when I could take full advantage had not yet arrived.

Besides there was delight enough for the present in witnessing such glory to femininity, simply to soak in the sight of her super tits. From each peak sprouted a thick, rubbery teat, still at this time flattened from the enclosure in her brassiere and almost imperceptable from the surrounding aureole. Peering through half closed eyes, concentrating the gaze straight to the spot and seeing the minute dimples which were etched into the aureoles, minute inspection of her boobs such a worthwhile occupation.

Almost as if I no longer existed Doreen again availed herself of the bottle contents, it in danger of being drained dry, my own mouth dry as I licked my lips. Those two great footballs wobbing deliciously as she drank, quivering as she swallowed. It was up to me, up to me to continue the play... how? What had appeared so easy recently now becoming a difficult task, I suppose I could simply grab hold of her now... no, no, surely that wouldn't work. Some demon at work inside my brain as I spoke again.

"Alright, so you proved your point... I once knew a girl who was so hairy that she looked like a gorilla, she had hair all over her legs and thighs... are you hairy, Doreen?"

I saw her shudder, again the look of anger on her features as she snapped back at me.

"Very clever, Andy... very clever indeed... so you talk me into stripping down to the waist and that still doesn't satisfy you... no I'm not hairy, quite the reverse in fact..."

I sneered back at her. "I've only got your word for that?" Holding my breath and awaiting her decision. It came remarkably quickly, a whisper as the zip of her skirt was undone and the garment fell around her ankles, hastily kicked away as she slipped out of her high heels. Now only a pair of tights covering the indistinct triangle of her panties.

"You could still be hiding a lot..." My words spoken harshly, breathlessly as I craned forward the better to see. Maybe I had been a little drunk half an hour ago, now I felt stone cold sober as I anticipated her final submission to my will. The knowledge that I had achieved her downfall giving me a tremendous sense of power, a surge of sexual lust coursing through my body as Doreen thrust her hands into the tights.

Down came the tights, down came the panties... struth, she hadn't been joking regarding the hair... there was none to be seen, no fuzzy bush at the vee. I gave a laugh, a nervous laugh as my eyes drank in the shaven beauty of her crotch. I suppose you would say that Doreen was substantially built, wide flaring hips and a waistline thicker than the modern trends demanded, yet to me she was perfection. I ached to go to her, to enfold that superb body to mine and crush it firmly in passionate embrace. Nothing, it appeared, was further from her mind.

"I trust you are satisfied, Andy... hope that you can now accept that I have nothing to hide... have you?" Oh no, not full circle... not that. "What's the matter, Andy? Here, have a drink... don't you think it's about time I stock checked you?"

Gratefully I accepted the bottle, drained it dry in three swift gulps and wiped my mouth on the back of my hand, already the naked Doreen had picked up my discarded tape and was walking over to where I stood.

"Now then... who said something about nine inches? I'll bet it's nowhere near that length."

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I fell for it, didn't I? The biter bit... scrambling to undo my fly and lob out my erection, to stand trembling as Doreen quickly placed the tape along the side of the throbbing pole.

"Mmmm... not bad, not half bad but only about seven and a half, will it grow any bigger?"

Before I could reply she was undressing me, taking off my jacket, shirt and tie and completing the removal of all my gear in record time. Standing back to view her handiwork before rubbing her chin thoughtfully.

"I'll bet it doesn't pass eight inches."

Still holding the tape in one hand she moved back close, pushed out her enormous breasts as I sank both hands onto them with a strangled cry of lust. For a couple of minutes I gorged myself on those mammeries, pulled and played them furiously to satisfy myself that I wasn't dreaming, that I was in actual fact fondling those superb tits. The nipples rose to the occasion splendidly, jutting out from the tits like a couple of gold balls, I had to touch her all over, had this terrible compulsion to fill my hands with her ample flesh. Not one single area neglected as I ran trembling fingers over her flesh, cupping her full bottom cheeks and dragging her pelvis into contact with my rigid cock, endeavouring to fire her with my own urgent desires. Rewarded when I felt her soften against me, when she lifted up her face and presented her half open mouth to mine. That kiss a wonderous thing, filled with each other's desperate wishes. Nagging at me a worry of the manner in which I had taunted Doreen to this state, wishing that perhaps we had reached such a stage under different circumstances. I had never felt closer to a woman, more part of the wonderful act being encountered than at the moment she once more took hold of my penis and rubbed it gently between forefinger and thumb.

"Andy... are you... oh dear..." She laughed lightly. "For an auditor I've been very lax."

I gave her a puzzled look.

"I mean I've not even checked if you are fully prepared have I? Whether or not you have the necessary equipment to complete the job in hand?"

I still didn't comprehend, needed her to spell it out clearly.

"I'm not protected, darling... please don't make me pregnant..."

I clocked in, hurriedly reached down to my jacket and got out the packet from the inside pocket. A little ashamed that they had been brought with Judy in mind, but Doreen was not to know that. She seemed delighted at the revelation, took the packet from me and tore the protective foil from one, withdrawing the lubricated latex and hastening to envelop my bulging prick. Her fingers fumbling over the task, making her groan with annoyance until I assisted her to make sure that the sheath was fully unrolled to the base of my prick.

"Thank you, darling... sorry if I seem clumsy... you were right in one thing, it has been an awfully long time... please be gentle with me, patient..."

Again her use of the endearing term... darling... spoken with feeling, spoken by one who was far past any point of return, again the worry of having thus reduced her to submission blighted my otherwise supreme pleasure at having her available.

Governed by a desire to please I found myself able to restrain my desire to force her to the floor and ram my stiff dick deep, instead leading her to the single settee which was positioned against a wall. There to lie her gently down and start in upon an erotic exploration of her undeniable charms, filled with the knowledge that she may not be the most perfectly formed female in the world, no doubt there were many more with far more physically attractive forms, yet where was the importance of that? We belonged together, of that I was certain, complimentary to each other in every way as I let my fingers wander over her breasts again, thrilled once more to the pliant texture of those wonderful boobs and raised the nipples to rock hard urgency before placing my mouth over them that I might suckle like a babe. Women like having their breasts suckled, it must have something to do with a mothering complex. Doreen was no exception, thrusting up her body as soon as my mouth latched to a teat that I might fully engorge my mouth in the pleasureable occupation. My tongue lashing around the aureole, my teeth nipping so carefully upon the peak as I heard her moan with deep longing. Judging the moment right to drop a hand onto that barren area between her thighs, to feel the slight stubble of her shaven pubes under fingertips made sensitive by my heightened desire to possess her fully. I had never encountered a woman who took the trouble to denude her sex like this, it was strangely beautiful to be able to delve into the vee and not have any restricting bush to block the way, to be able to slide right into the incurve and onto the

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puffy labia lips which seemed to fly open at the first touch. Thereby opening up the glorious entrance, a door already damp and flecked with sweet juices of arousal that eased the insertion of a questing finger.

Groping into those heavenly depths, having that digit clasped by her timid quim for timid it was at that time, I could sense her terror as I wormed the finger into her tight orifice, worked it carefully until it sank into the pulsing flesh right up to the knuckle. There to hold it still until she accepted, appreciated the penetration of her defences, nothing would have made me progress without a signal of her full sanction. My God, it's taken me until thirty eight years of age to fully understand the necessity to wait a partner's full acceptance and involvement, always before I had reached this stage and then sprinted on to complete the act. It was almost as if some new found inner strength was given to me in that moment, a strength to retain a clear area in my brain which extolled the virtues of patience and the greater reward to be gained from using such restraint.

I kissed her lips again, a long, lingering oral contact under cover of which I endeavoured to convey to her my utter devotion, not until she broke the contact did I move my inserted finger, then only to slide it gently in and out of her now fully lubricated cunnie.

"Oh, Andy, my darling... my darling... thank you for understanding, it's been so long, so very long... kiss my breasts again, darling, kiss them for me..."

Who was I to deny the lady? Besides I wanted nothing more than to please her, pleasure her to the ultimate degree. This time my mouth not a greedy tormentor, rather a bringer of soft touches as I allowed my lips the liberty to merely brush over the jutting peaks of her large nipples and tease them into even more desperate need until Doreen pushed them up for deeper contact, dragging each one in turn into the hot cavity of my mouth and renewing my efforts on her vagina as it opened gradually to accept a second finger. Soon that tight slit becoming a welcoming orifice, an area of great sexual beauty as she opened her legs wide and shuffled her position the better to present that target of my need.

I was glad of the deadening affect of the positioned contraceptive, its restricting enclosure giving me an ability to avoid shooting my lot which would normally have surely not existed. I had to smile inwardly for the thought that it must have been at least ten years since I had had the need to employ such things to guard against unwanted pregnancy, such thought suddenly dashed away as Doreen went quite wild. Up to that point her committment not full, now she relaxed in a moment and appeared to reach a decision. Her body pressed urgently against mine in complete submission.

"Andy... Andy... take me... take me... now... Now..." Almost a demand, her voice raised to fever pitch as she twisted beneath me, trying to wrap her legs around me that she might feed on my rampant cock so willingly positioned that it might accept the invitation to venture inside. Carefully I spread her thighs, took the deeply inserted fingers out and replaced them with my prick.

Oh how I wished for the absence of the rubber, longed to feel the bare walls of her gorgeous vagina as I slipped the bulging bulb up and pushed aside her labia, had the channel opened to my need and sank the pole deliciously deep with three easy lingering lunges. Whatever restraint remained within Doreen's body dissolved with the introduction of my prick, no sooner had she felt the insertion than she went completely wild. For a brief while I felt for her sanity as she clasped herself around me, bearing down with her pelvis to engage the penis and wriggling frantically until it was fully embedded into her vagina. No sooner did it reach the neck of her womb than she orgasmed with a violent thrashing of her ample thighs, those hips cushioning me as I was driven past the point of restraint and literally slammed my cock in and out of her body, slammed it until I creamed with an intensity that was almost frightening. Filling the thin rubber with a profuse load of hot seed, collapsing onto her heaving breasts and biting at the nipples in the throes of my climex.

After it was over we both seemed in a state of shocked surprise, each deep in our own thoughts until Doreen eventually broke the silence which threatened to break us apart.

"I've never... never ever behaved like this before, Andy... I have no idea what made me do it, all I do know is that it must go on... can it, will it?"

I kissed her mouth, thrust my tongue deep and wriggled it around. Pulling away to stare down at her with my cock so rigid and fully embedded.

"Try and stop it... try and stop it, darling... all that bothers me is all those wasted years in between."

She looked puzzled.

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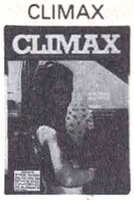

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DEBBIE

Continued from page 28.

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C'mon, Honey, put that ever-wagging tongue of yours to more useful advantage...
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TEN GOOD REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SEE THE PLAYBIRDS

CERT X

'THE PLAYBIRDS', probably the best sex film ever shown in Britain, is showing NOW at the EROS CINEMA, Piccadilly Circus and on a restricted general release – so that it should be showing at a cinema near you soon. We urge you to see this film at the earliest opportunity, because it's something very special. We might be a bit biased, because it's named after the best selling magazine in our group 'PLAYBIRDS', BUT THERE ARE TEN REALLY GOOD REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SEE 'THE PLAYBIRDS' SOON:

1. MARY MILLINGTON

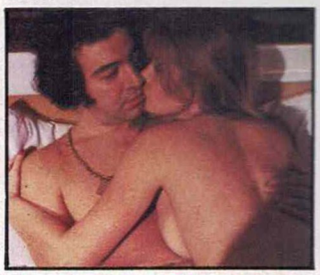
Britain's number one sex symbol turns in her best performance yet and looks truly magnificent. Mary looks ten times more attractive and acts ten times better than she did in her first film Come Play With Me. THE PLAYBIRDS is in a different class to the latter.

2. TOP ACTORS

THE PLAYBIRDS features the best actors to give the plot and story realism. THE PLAYBIRDS is an all action suspense story that keeps you gripping your seat until the last bizarre twist in the plot. The acting is better than in any 'sex' movie we have ever seen.

3. ACTION

THE PLAYBIRDS contains non-stop action from end to end, it DOESN'T drag at all, the pounding music linked to the driving all-action plot makes this a superb action film in its own right!



5. SEX SCENES

THE PLAYBIRDS features the most explicit sex scenes ever to be shown in public cinemas and Britain. It rates very favourably with the sort of thing you normally only see at cinema clubs. Far stronger than films like 'Come Play With Me'.

6. BIZARRE EROTICA

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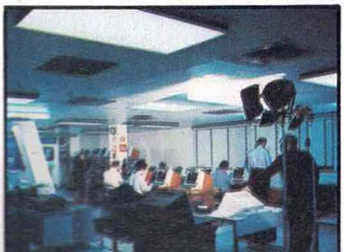

4. TOP LOCATIONS

The Producers of THE PLAYBIRDS spent, reportedly, tens of thousands of pounds on locations. Every set in this film looks superb – like the one featured here. Every set looks as if it's from a very expensive production, which is exactly what THE PLAYBIRDS is

8. ALLAN LAKE & DERRIN NESBITT

These two brilliant young actors turn in a really magnificent performance as the publisher of Playbirds magazine and his assistant. Allan Lake's performance has to be seen to be believed!

7. BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

THE PLAYBIRDS features FIFTY of the most attractive women in the world – like the lovely Kim from France – featured here. There are also the sex queens from Germany, Denmark, Holland and Sweden!

9. WILHELM ROESTEIN

Denmark's leading sex film maker Wilhelm Roestein turns out a really magnificent film, in this his first English language film. You've probably seen some of his Danish films at the Soho 'hard-core' film clubs, now see Roestein's first really big budget English language film.

10. ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS

THE PLAYBIRDS will ask you these questions and answer them:

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- WHY DID SHE HAVE A BLACK VIBRATOR JUTTING FROM HER VAGINA?
- WHAT WAS IT ABOUT HER RIGHT BREAST THAT FASCINATED HIM?
- WHO REALLY KILLED THE GIRLS?
- WAS IT DOUGAN, WHO LIKED ALL KINDS OF PUBLICITY?
- WAS IT HOLBOURNE WHO BASICALLY DISLIKED WOMEN?
- WAS IT TERRY DAY WHO HAD ONCE BEEN INSIDE FOR ASSAULT?
- WAS IT LUCY WHO WAS AN EXPERT EXPONANT OF KARATE?
- WAS IT MORGAN WHO LIKED SEX, ANY SEX, WITH ANYONE.
- WAS IT PAUL HERN THE RELIGIOUS NUT.
- OR WAS IT PROFESSOR SMITH WHO KNEW MORE ABOUT WITCHCRAFT THAN ANYONE ELSE ALIVE AND WHO HAD SHOWN GREAT INTEREST IN THE MURDERS?

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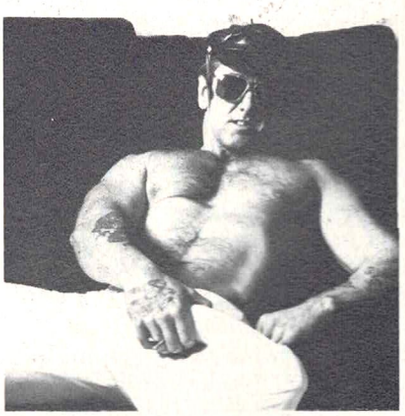

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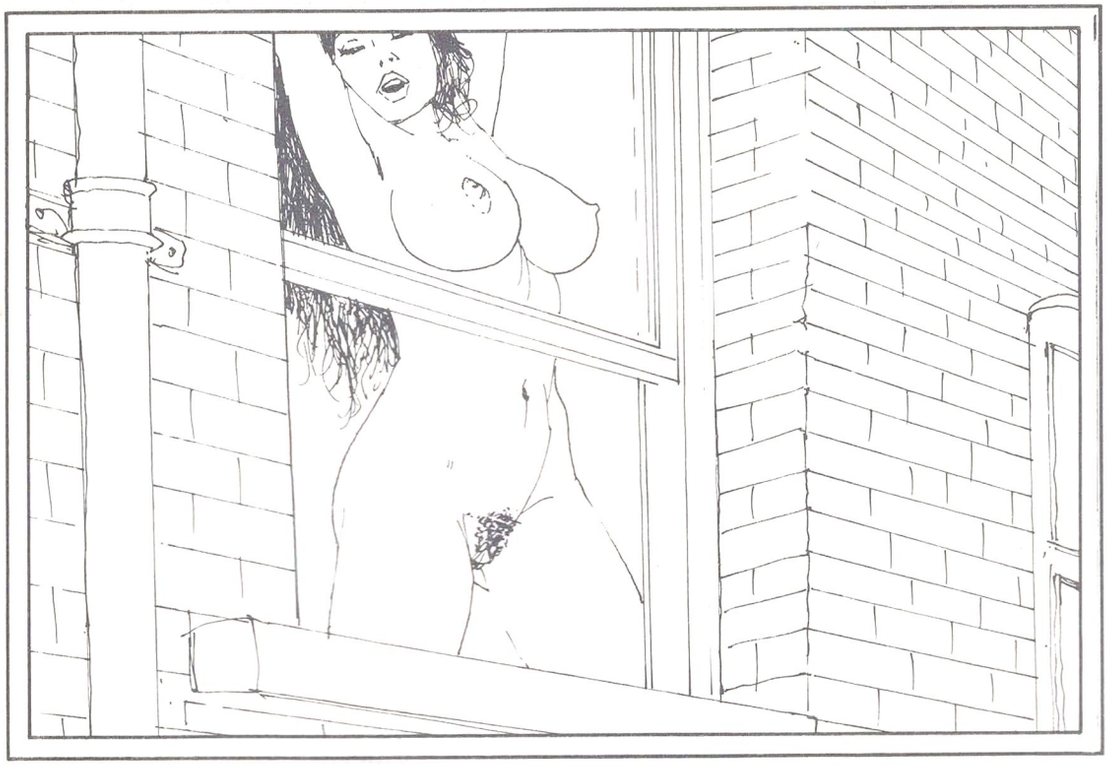

HIS FEMALE FLASHER

BY DENTON BURN

She was at it again, this female flasher, stripping off in front of her window and showing her tits and box. The trouble was distance. The window of his flat was at least forty yards from her window. For the tenth time – since this luscious bitch had moved in, he wished frantically he had a pair of binoculars. Distance might lend enchantment to many views but not to the curvy flesh of a nymphomaniac. He urgently wished he could count the pussy-hairs on her box and see in all clarity the cherry-red nipples of her titties. She didn't just strip. He could, in truth, see a stripper any time at a club. This girl gyrated her naked box, bucked the flesh impudently as if challenging him. She also cupped her tits with her hands and joggled them as if to torment him and raise his genital length. She was a bloody come-on bitch!

Ben Turner stared, feeling his sullen length stiffen to another degree as the girl turned her back to the window and insolently stuck out her round tanned arse. She obviously sunbathed somewhere and wore nothing because she was tanned to the last intimate wrinkle of fuck-flesh. He gloated over the lovely buttocky spread of flesh and wished, crazily, that his penis was long enough to stick one on her from this distance.

She rotated her beautiful bum, as if a cock was wedged in her genital hole and she wanted to extract a ton of sexual fervour from it. Then she turned again and joggled a tit at him defiantly. With her other hand she put two fingers to her cunt lips and parted them, shoving her lovely box forward as if to challenge him. Then she pursed her red lips voluptuously and made pouting motions as if dredging all the sex from him – or maybe sucking his cock.

God, if only he had some binoculars! But suddenly she moved gracefully away from her window and the interior of her room swallowed her.

Ben Turner went to the bathroom in a horny torment, his balls aching genitally. There was only one thing to do and he did it, grimly, wanking, despising himself because he was a man who believed that sex should be total in completion.

When he returned to his window and stared out there was nothing across the road except the rows of windows. Turning, he wondered what the hell was with this girl. She was certainly no hag driven to exhibitionism. She was tall, willowy, fair of hair. There was something compulsive about her sexuality.

Ben looked at his reflection in his mirror and saw a big good-looking guy, dark wavy hair, a safari suit. Okay – women liked him, but he'd never had one revealing her box and tits so starkly and erotically from a window.

He went out, into the courtyard, stared at the window again. He'd done this many times and had gone into the other block of flats trying to discover the girl. But he'd got lost – and, anyway, he suddenly wondered if she had a husband. He'd retreated. But this time his hot genital muscle urged him on. No man could pass up this kind of challenge.

Somehow he figured there was a mystery about this girl. Okay, sex was fun. Maybe she'd seen him in the street or at the club and thought to stir his balls and hormones. But it was sexully wacky, all the same – not that he was against way-out cock-and-cunt behaviour. For instance he'd taken part in group sex, balling up with three randy females. He'd kissed a few cunts. He'd allowed two girls to decorate his penis with ribbons, while it was hard, of course. And the usual weekly oats weren't hard to come by.

Yeah – he thought the girl was somewhat mysterious. If she wanted a good fuck, why didn't she just tap him cheekily on the shoulder?

Still, her ritual – for that was what it was – enticed him. Did she do it when he was away at his job? Was she some sort of part-time pro?

He leaned against a tree in the courtyard and lit a cigarette. For

"LET'S GO SOMEWHERE. ANYWHERE. YOU CAN GET YOUR SWEET KNICKERS OFF AND WE'LL SHAG..."

the hundredth time he thought maybe he should smoke a pipe or a cigar. He stared – and then jerked forward.

He was sure that the girl who came down the stone steps at the entrance to the block was the one who waggled her titties and displayed her bold box. But this time she was dressed in a cute summer thing of shimmering green that kissed all the way down from pert paps to sweet arse-cheeks. She carried a white handbag that somehow made her sexy and wanton.

She headed for a red mini. She got into the car – and Ben Turner raced. He jumped into the passenger seat as she started the engine. She gasped. He grinned. "We meet at last. Let's go somewhere. Anywhere. You can get your sweet knickers off and we'll shag."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Your delicious box – and those titties – all the flesh you display at the window. No good just flashing it, baby. Nice for mauling – but a man likes fucks. It's his brutal nature."

"You are mad..."

Ben stared. "Aw, come of it. I've seen you projecting that delicious cunt-box as if begging me to block it."

She seemed to swallow. "Oh!"

"What's this?" he snapped. "Surprise? Who are you kidding?"

"Look, not today huh? I mean, I'm not in the mood..."

"You were in the mood ten minutes ago... full of the randy impulses I think... showing the flesh... if I could have screwed from forty yards you'd be nursing my cum..."

"Why don't you wank yourself?" she asked candidly.

"I did. You owe me one for that. I don't like having my climaxes that way."

She revved the engine. "I'd like to go, er – Mister...?"

"I'm Ben Turner, and you darling?"

"I'm Denise Witch..."

"Some witch!"

"That's right. And now I'm going..."

He waved a hand. "It's a nice day for a drive."

Angrily she shot off. The mini clubman tore down the road and he grinned. He could wait. His genitals were stirring up more heat. He'd need a huge blast of spunk when he cocked this baby. But she'd get it. Maybe she was playing him along. If she was a compulsive exhibitionist, she'd be the type to play along.

He'd thought she was heading for the centre of the town but she suddenly decided to turn into the country lanes. After some miles she swung into a gravel drive and halted outside a neat little cottage, a very picturesque thing. "All right, Ben, you've got me. Sex on your mind, huh?"

He smiled. "On my penis, too. But where are we? I mean, whose cottage is this?"

"Mine."

"Come off it. The flat?"

"What do you think?"

"You can't live in both. What do you do for bread?"

"I get along..."

He stared. "Hey, Denise Witch – you're not on the game, are you? I mean – two homes, huh!"

"Would I show my cunt and tits for free if I was on the game?"

"No – those girls don't even smile for free."

She evaded his hand, the one he tried to slap on her thigh. She slipped out of the car, got to the cottage door and opened it with a key she took from her handbag. So she did live here! She turned her head and, sexy as a hand on his dick, she said: "Come on in. I'll show you my capo di monte china..."

He lusted after her hot box, the fleshy titties. He wanted to screw the blit she'd shown at the flat window. He wanted to suck wetly with his lips on those luscious fruits of pap glands. He wanted the spunky satisfaction of filling her and hearing her moan her sexual surrender.

Sod her china!

He followed her inside the cottage, still thinking there was a mystery concerning this girl. Well, he'd always had that feeling.

In the low-ceilinged room, where cosy silence hung sexily around them, he reached out and grabbed her. She thudded solidly into his arms, her body suddenly meaty and real, no longer a sexy vision. He felt her boobs flatten against his chest, knew there was heat there and a ton of joy for a male. He ran his hands down to the curve of her arse while his mouth hunted for her lips and found them.

The mauling kiss was suddenly hot and reciprocated, lips working and writhing as they ate each other. Her mouth was part of her blatant sensuality, two live pads that transmitted urgent sex. His penis hardened again, rubbed vengefully against her body, seeking the cleft of her crotch. They were both dressed and the greedy cock was foiled.

But he mauled the kiss on and on, surprised in a way that she allowed it. Suddenly she jerked away, her body full of healthy strength. "You want sex, eh?"

"Since I saw you at your window..."

"Ah, the window..."

"Why so bloody enigmatic?"

"It isn't really me at the window..."

He grinned. "Ah – it's your split personality. Come off it, Denise. I've seen you... fair hair... that saucy face... the naked box... those voluptuous tits daring me from forty yards. Well, you are a bit closer now."

He rolled lecherous hands over the boob-flesh, changing momentarily the shape of the natural tit, kneading lustfully. She took it gracefully even when he hurt her.

"Honest, it isn't really me at the window..."

"I know – you can't help yourself. Look, Denise, I'm not complaining. Let's go to work on the fucks." He paused and glanced around the cottage living room. "All the same – two homes – and I know the rents they charge for the flats."

She smiled impishly. "Okay, you want sex. You've got a horn. In a way, it's my fault..."

"It is."

"Yes – you could say that. I mean you've got a hard-on staring at a girl at the flat window..."

"Staring at you!"

"Well, put it that way. I've

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SHE WAS A MOULD OF SCREWABLE FLESH, LAYING THERE AND TAKING ALL HE COULD POUND INTO HER...

told you it's not really me– but all the same I suppose I'll have to pacify your brute because I'm a bit to blame."

"You are wholly to blame."

"Not really. Oh, I can't explain any further. Let's go to bed..."

Ben Turner felt his prick pulse savagely. "Now you're talking, Denise."

She tugged his hand, led him to the bedroom at the back where she slipped out of her dress. "It's a model dress – can't have it spoiled... wrinkled... messed up with cum... I bet you have a lot of spunk..."

"A bloody torrent!" He got out of his safari suit damned fast and stood bollock-naked, the penis standing up and transferring a wet bead to his lean hard belly. She stared at the weapon and momentarily licked her soft lips.

They collided when she was starkers and the thrills that ran through them both were like electric discharges. Her titty nipples were erect, rubbery things he rolled and prodded. Her mouth was sensually warm under his sudden mauling kiss. Her box was a lovely contour that promised to be a haven for his throbbing prick.

The bed took them joyfully. Within seconds they were two writhing shapes, legs entwining, hands smoothing over lean male flesh and hands running over soft warm female stuff. He could have poked her brutally within seconds but that was the brute way. First, he wanted to enjoy this gorgeous shape under him.

He poked two fingers deep into the wet cunt flesh, probing, exploring, the heat and the sweet sensuality therein. She writhed under the poke. She evidently liked being felt. She got hold of his penis and kept it tight between her two hot palms and then rolled it savagely.

This treatment nearly made him ejaculate. He decided he'd have to fuck her now and then rest and repeatedly shag her until he was exhausted. She had asked for it and would get it.

He pushed grimly into the channel between her warm fully-fleshed thighs and then shoved the thick hard prick savagely at the moist mush. There was no resistance, no tightness – just a lovely sheathing feeling as sweet cunt closed all around his jolly prog. He worked up a swift motion, heading for ejaculation in his own fuck-tube and orgasm in her pussy and beyond.

Then he stopped. The mystery hit him.

"Hey – how come you live at the flat and this cottage?"

"Keep on fucking me, you idiot. On! Harder! I'm entitled to a flaming orgasm..."

"You'll get it. You'll get a wave of 'em. But you haven't answered my question..."

"Work your big fat prick!" she shrieked.

"Not until you explain..." And he lay there, warmly welcomed by pussy flesh that was wet and sucking, it seemed.

"I won't!"

"Won't? Ah! There is a bloody mystery. Have you got a kind old man keeping you? I wouldn't be surprised. But what about the exhibitions?"

"Stuff me, you big shit."

She was obstinate – and he was horny. He couldn't hang back any longer and so he began the swift rhythm that brings a fuck to the boil. He shagged away, his tube thick and vicious. He was typically male in that this gift of sensual flesh was only good for fucking. She was a mould of screwable flesh, with titties for handles and a bulging arse that dug into the bed.

He had this masculine feeling that a good shag should give the female sweet hell. And yet she looked nice enough to eat as she lay there and took all he could pound into her. He saw the blue, blue eyes – now wide as the sexual thrills shocked her – and he noted the flush in her cheeks – caused by his thick old cock – and he knew she was enjoying

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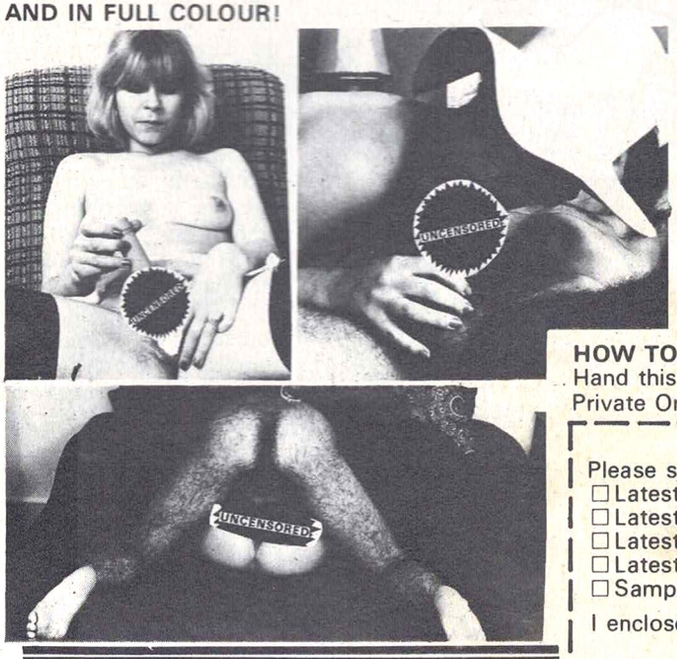

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her voluptuous sweet self. Good for her. He was thick with horn.

The upsurge of semen could not be halted. He spat the fluids to the limits of her pussy, jerking a bit as the muscles convulsed.

The hot seed filled her. He lost count of the pumping motions and then gradually subsided on to her lovely tanned belly. He was pooped!

"Ooooh!" she moaned. "You lovely big bastard!"

"Gut satisfaction eh?" he triumphed.

"All the way up..." she whispered and clutched his naked shoulders. "Can you do it again, hero?"

"Yes – but how about explanations?"

"The story of my life?"

"Make it short... I get a new erection in five minutes..."

"I'm a poor little girl at the mercy of evil men," she began sneeringly.

"Shit. Come on – who owns this cottage?"

"I do."

"And the flat? The rent?"

"It isn't paid by some sugar-daddy, if that's what you think."

"A dirty old man, then?"

"There aren't any dirty old men! What a libel on a man with a perfectly valid erection! You'll be a dirty old man someday. All dirty old men were dirty young men..."

"Oh, God – philosophy and cunt. One is spiritual and the other is animal."

"I've known some perfectly nice old men – even if they had a hard-on."

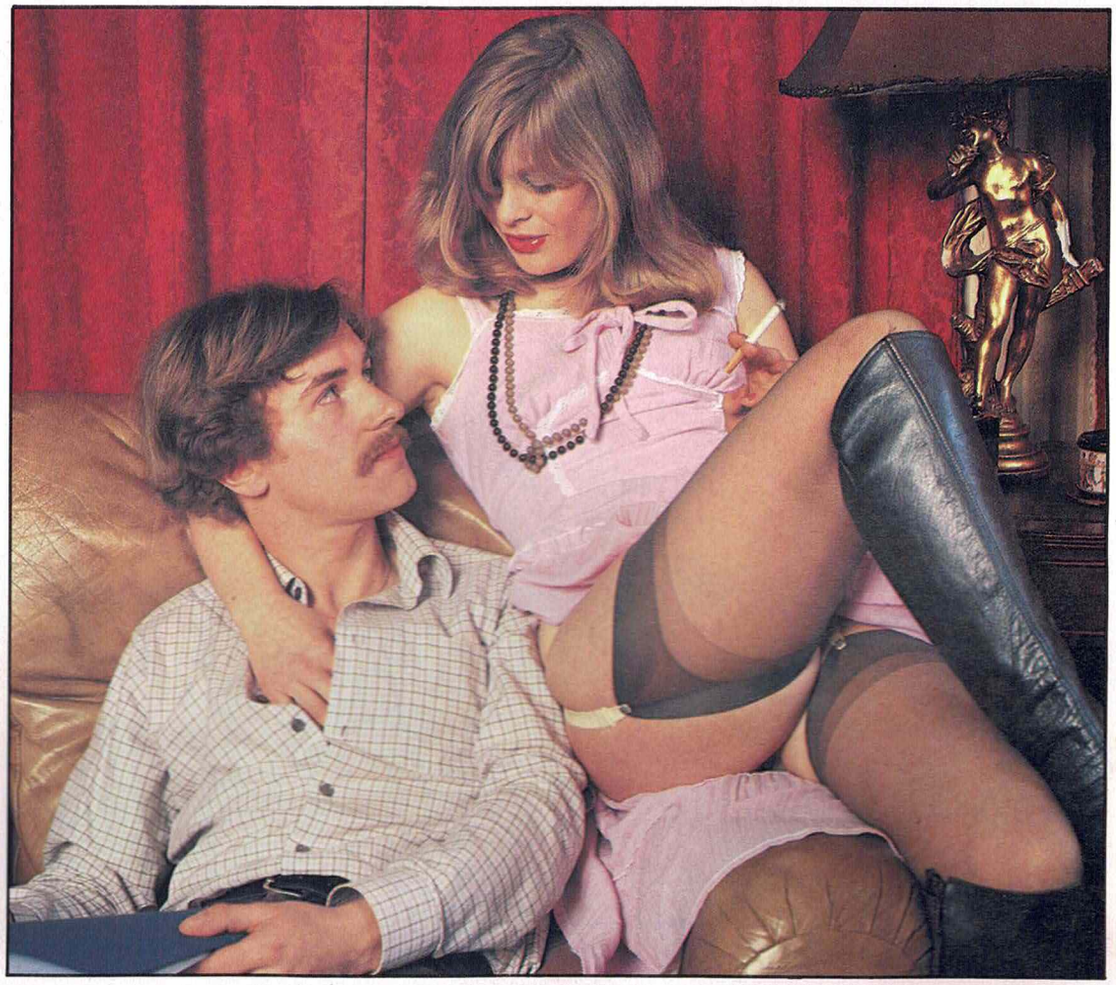
"I bet you have." He played with her right tit. "Why the flaunting at the window ritual? You know, the neighbours might not like it... and cops have notoriously narrow minds."

"I don't flaunt at windows..."

Suddenly angry, he gave her boob a savage wank. She cried out. He snarled. "Come off it. I've seen you."

She rolled her head helplessly. "Oh, for Christ's sake stuff me again and balls to the questions. It's my fault you've got this raging heat for female flesh – so shaft it."

He couldn't make much sense out of her remarks, although clearly she was evading his



questions, and so he began working his fuck-tube again, getting it comfortably in deeper. As the hot flesh closed around it again – and the genital muscle hardened – he forget the mystery about her. He was absorbed in his passionate conquest of the flesh for the second time.

He had a weird sexual fantasy at one flashing moment in the screwing that he could lie like this forever. Together they would go on, not hand in hand, but cock in cunt, to some sort of sexual eternity. They were impacted together, the sexy sweats making a film on their skins that made them as one. He pushed his penis incessantly in and out – almost out, anyway – of her pink wet hole and heard the sucking, dredging sounds as slimy lubricants were pistoned back and forth. The sounds were gruesomely sexual, animalish and of the common earth. This was gut sex.

But it was a beautiful experience even if it was pure primitiveness. She lay beneath him, helpless under the stark heat of sexual furnace they had created.

The second lot of spunk was almost but not quite as torrential as the first and it definitely shattered him. He felt his testicles churn in protest. He sagged to her belly again, played out. She had sucked him dry – well, almost!

He did pant a bit and take it easy, looking around the cottage bedroom. He wondered if there was any photograph of a man lying around. That would give the game away.

There was only one picture on a nearby dressing table and it showed three girls dressed for tennis. They were all fair-haired and pretty, worth screwing, worth any man's thick length.

He squinted at the photograph. Something about it was not right... or maybe his brain wasn't working properly... did the loss of semen affect the brain?

He thought to hell with it. He rolled off the bed. "Where's the bathroom, darling?"

"I'll go first. I've got all the cum..."

"I like to sluice my prick in cold water – revives it."

She pointed. "Just out

there..."

Ben Turner ambled out of the bedroom.

When he got back the first thing he noticed was she had removed the bloody photograph. It just wasn't on the dressing-table.

He stared, his brain a bit dazed. He looked at Denise Witch and noticed her bright smile apart from the tempting pendulous titties and the fair pubic hairs on the box.

"Witch!" he muttered. "You could be right..."

He didn't ask any questions about the photograph. For one thing she walked gracefully to the bathroom, naked as a nymph, and, as he dressed, he heard the sounds of water and imagined it trickling over her gorgeous titties, dripping on to the fair hairs on her lower pubic bone.

She returned. "Let's go for a country walk, dear man."

"I'm no boy scout..."

"Really!" she mocked. "Can't you enjoy anything else apart from flesh? There is a big world out there."

Surprised, he agreed to go, and when they were dressed and conforming to conventions again they walked hand in hand down to a small trickling brook. He discovered that being hand in hnd with this lithe creature was as enjoyable as being cock in cunt.

They threw stones in the river and he kissed her on a wooden bridge and when he thought about the depths of her sexual being he was surprised to find that he liked more than her hot flesh.

The day went on to become many other things, such as a late lunch at a nearby country pub and some mutual admiring of some paintings for sale in a shop when they got nearer to town. Denise was an entertaining witch. He liked being with a witch.

They returned to the cottage and spruced up for the evening and then they went to a restaurant and cabaret in town. By late night he had screwed her in the mini and by a country hedge, leaving his deposit each time. He thought vaguely that any more of this mutual joy and he'd be asking the girl to marry

him! But that was avoided and they returned to the flats. She went into her block and he disappeared into his hive.

It was next morning, after a late breakfast and a shower, thinking about his job as a rep and whether he should set off late, that he looked out of his window.

She was there – Denise Witch – naked as a randy pin-up, making impudent gestures with her hands, as if she had an invisible penis and was stuffing herself with it.

She was gorgeously nude, there was no doubt about that, her round belly nicely tanned. Even her titties were tanned to the cherry-red nipples. He stared. She waved insolently. Her fair hair flowed, seemingly longer than of yesterday.

Once again he wished he had some binoculars. Maybe he'd see genital detail, the wrinkle of titty-flesh... little things...

It suddenly struck him.

Maybe it was the blasted distance or maybe his imagination was playing tricks – or was it his eyesight?

He'd had Denise nude as they make them under him at the cottage and there had been one thing which just stuck him now.

Denise wasn't tanned all over. Not around the box and the tit-ends! She was tanned, sure – but he was sure he'd seen a tiny band of white where a kind of G-string bikini had lain. And her luscious boobs had the same trace of

whiteness, a band barely covering the nipples but doing it all the same.

Ben frowned. Was he dreaming? He'd been so bemused by flesh yesterday and so entranced by cunt that surely he could not have noticed these things.

He'd been on the beat, spitting his lot, making a horny hero of himself. Surely he was imagining things?

He looked again at the girl at the window. She was doing it again – inserting two fingers into her sex-lips, pushing her entire genital area forward so blatantly as if inviting him to fuck it.

Ben went to his door, out of the flat and down into the courtyard. Sure as hell the girl had disappeared.

He was wearing old jeans and a checked shirt and he wasn't as spruce as he'd like, but that was an unimportant thing. He wanted to investigate. He wanted to ask Denise Witch why she was posing so vulgarly at the window.

Had she not been fed enough sex yesterday?

He dived abruptly into the block of flats across from where he lived, thinking that this time he wouldn't stop until he had located Denise Witch.

He knew there wasn't a husband or another guy. And he had a good idea where to locate the flat.

He went up the stairs, ignoring the lift because the block was only four storeys in any case and somehow striding forth eased his pent-up emotions.

He'd find her and tell her to quit this blatant exhibitionism. She could do it privately – for him!

He came to the floor, marked off swiftly the flats and then halted when he saw the nameplate. R. Witch.

R could never stand for Denise. What the hell! He knocked angrily. It was amazing the way the door opened – and equally amazing when he saw the totally naked girl standing there smiling temptingly at him. That bold clit, the odour of intangible sexuality. The titty-boobs – so clearly tanned to the last minute speck of flesh. She was a bitch who sunbathed entirely nude.

"Come on in, big man," murmured the girl. "I've been waiting for you."

He went in the flat and a fuck was only moments away when another girl walked in, nicely dressed, strangely alike the nude one. "All right, Rita – lay off!"

"Denise!" The way he gasped was hackneyed but he did it.

Denise Witch grinned at him. "Yeah – my twin sister, a bloody nympho, an exhibitionist. She was on the photograph I moved at my cottage. Yes it is my cottage – and this is her flat. I come her often..."

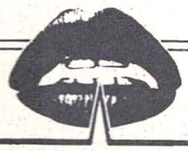
"She's tanned more than you..."

"You discovered that? Ah! She is a naturist – so she says."

Ben grinned. "I might have shagged her in another second..."

Denise took his arm. "Listen, man – she gets all the cock she needs. You come with me if you're horny."

He was horny!



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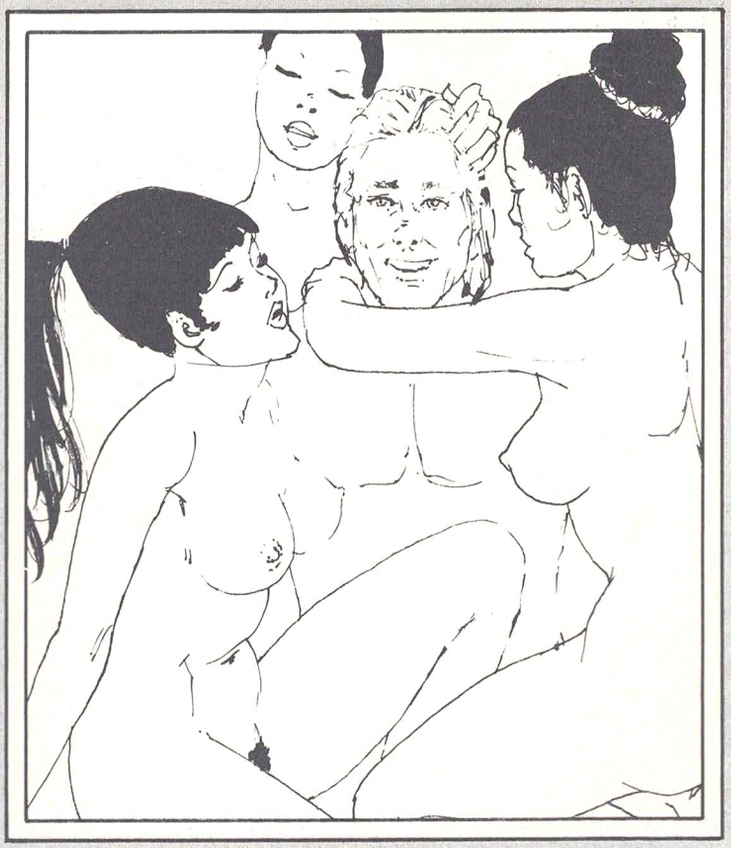

EASTERN DELIGHT

BY GRAHAM WALLACE

He got the erotic impression that this was a room full of turkish delight, all those lovely smooth dusky female faces turned to him! He had the weird feeling that this wasn't England but some eastern scene – and the damned room was a harem, full of silky fleshy tits and warm cunts. Actually, the place was a club and outside lay the docks and the river and all the prosaic scenes of a near-slum city. The room wasn't entirely filled with girls. A few men were there, mainly asiatics, watching him, grinning politely with no antagonism because he was high, well over twenty-one and apparently free.

The lights in the club were subdued, the nearest faces and full tempting tits only a seat away. Some guy was playing an organ, going through some pop stuff. Dinks lay on tables, dark-sminned waiters moved through the place. Jack Bell wondered at the predominance of females. All that soft dusky flesh, the odour of tempting fleshes like a subtle come-hither. He'd never been in the place before. He'd walked in, signed his name in some ritual and paid some coins – and there he was soaking up the sense of erotic flesh. He got the impression it was all there, waiting for hard cock, mauling hands. So much female! Where were their men?

He had to ask questions and his eyes fell on the girl close to him. She was voluptuous – there was no other word – and she filled her silky dress with full buttocky hip, long fleshy legs and dollops of tit-stuff that made his greedy hands itch. Her dark hair was long and tied with some sort of gold braid. He thought she should be wearing a sari – but she was modern in her skin-licking sexy dress. Eyes clashed. He knew it was time to speak. She'd flicked him often enough with those brown orbs full of eastern promise.

"Hello!" He grinned. "Where are all the men?"

Soft lips that could have licked male skin, from chest to penis, smiled. "Oh, it is Akobo Week – the men have to stay away from pleasures..."

She spoke naturally in the local accent, something he accepted after a moment or two. "Pleasures?" he asked. "All pleasures?"

"Drink and sex," she said candidly. "And they must keep away from the women – they cannot even congregate with us – feast their eyes on us – it is taboo..."

Jack Bell felt some mild astonishment at what seemed to him to be craziness, but then he realised old customs still lingered with even locally-born immigrants.

"No sex," he muttered. "All these girls – and no sex?"

The girl smiled. "For the men, you know – only for our men. It does not apply to the women."

Jack licked dry lips. "Yeah? I'm Jack Bell, darling. And you?"

"I'm Bhusi..." She made it sound like sexy melody.

"But there are some guys here, Bhusi," he reminded her.

"They are outside the Akobo... and there aren't enough... they are spoken for..."

The soft insinuating sexual challenge was there. He looked at the other girls close to him. They, too, were smiling, the sensuality on the warm lips, the erotic pleasure plentiful in the tit and the unseen cunt. All were modern young girls, brown of face and eyes, but sensuous, creative females. He got the swift impression they were amorous, fertile, waiting the cock. It was a mad feeling, right there in that dimly-lit room, a drinking club by rights – but so many dusky girls!

The organ was playing some weird music, a mixture of eastern melody and up-to-date pop. Sexual instincts hunted into his brain and transmitted the old message to his thickening penis.

Sex is where you find it!

He had not consciously gone out looking for cunt, although he always had a horny feeling. Now that it lay around him like some eastern incense, he knew he had struck gold.

But why was it so blatant? Was it not merely a delusion?

"You are a lovely girl, Bhusi..." he murmured and he touched her soft fleshy arm, feeling the impact of sex at once.

She giggled – and the other girls around her at the table giggled sexily too. "I am lovely?" she mocked in that strange dockside accent. "Oh yes – we are all lovely..."

"A man can only handle one girl at a time," he laughed.

"Only one?" She was still mocking. "But our men can do better than that..."

"You are kidding," he murmured. "What are you trying to tell me, Bhusi?"

"Well, our people were originally polyandrous..."

"Poly what?"

"Polyandry is the opposite to polygamy, you silly man – and you must know that polygamy means more than one wife – or woman – for the man. Polyandrous women may have more than one husband..."

Jack Bell's hand hunted for her thigh. "Oh yeah! Well, it isn't anything new – a lot of bitches I know have more than one man – but we don't have a fanciful name for it. We hust call it playing around..."

The thigh felt soft and inviting, a sensual cylinder that would lead to a genital haven. He heard the giggles around him and knew the other girls were still watching. He reached with one hand and drank his whisky. He didn't need it for peeny stamina. But maybe it bolstered his self-confidence in this sensuous atmosphere. So many

girls! All of them delicous, sitting on the bait.

Still, there must be limitations in a club. He could kid along, get a horny thickness in his stem but he doubted if a climb-on was possible with all these people around. Some of the men who were apparently outside the mysterious Akobo might object. A man had to be careful.

He felt the dusky skins close on him in a manner of speaking although there wasn't any real contact, except his hand on Bhusi's thigh. But that was the feeling. Skin and flesh, sexually impregnated, was reaching out for him. He had a weird feeling that these smiling girls might easily put out soft hands and take what they wanted from his genital parts.

But that was fantasy, something that an over-heated sexual urge produced. Nothing wrong with fantasy... but a man had to watch out that it didn't get too crazy...

"You like to foook..." The question came swiftly, softly from Bhusi's lips. He marvelled at the emphasis on "foook". A trace of her racial origin there.

"I foook a lot," he boasted. He heard the sensual giggles around him and he glanced at the girls who might have been Bhusi's sisters. "They think it funny. Who are they?"

"This is Filsee – and Muhme..." the girl waved a hand to two girls. They smiled back, sexual expectancy on their oval brown faces. Jack felt his penis throb.

"Nice girls..." he commented.

"We are polyandrous, you know," came the hint. "We see no wrong in having many men – and our own are under the Akobo."

Another pulsing throb in his thick cock seemed to remind him that he could be accused of being slow. And yet – where the hell could a guy fuck? Not in a club surely, surrounded by tables and other people.

"I'd like to take the lot of you," he whispered. "But where?"

"We have homes..."

"Yeah? Where?"

"Just outside this club. We don't really like sitting here so long. It isn't active, is it – not sexually active..."

Jack Bell could hardly believe his ears, but the invitation was real enough. When he stood up, three girls rose to their feet. Three beauties – he thought there could be more judging by the way they eyed him – but his senses were reeling. Maybe it was the whisky. Maybe his prick was making a fool of his brains.

He looked at Buusi, Filsee and Muhme – three choice chunks of brown-skinned joy, full of tit and fleshy buttock. In modern dresses, speaking quaintly in the local dockside accent, they were so different to the bitches he'd bedded recently.

"Let's go," he mumbled.

Filsee giggled and her titties quivered. Muhme moved gracefully, her arse a thing of joy. Jack Bell gloated, almost stretched out a hand to pat some flesh. Being English was a bit of a disadvantage, he thought. He should have jumped one of these sweet birds right there and shagged her into the ground. Well, they were literally asking for the cock. These poly-what girls were free as the breeze it seemed to choose any man that week because of the nutty Akobo.

Somehow he drifted along, out into the warm night air. Even the dockside street seemed filled with incense – or was that his crazy sexual fantasy working again?

He hardly knew how they reached the house, but he was climbing stairs and he was inside a room where beaded curtains acted as doors and a real aroma of some kind of joss stick filled the warm air.

It was a rendezvous for sex and he got on with it the moment the beaded curtain swished behind him. There were no men in sight – for which he was glad because he remembered one occasion when an irate man had punched him on the nose.

A huge bed filled one corner of the large room and it was a kind of four-poster but with eastern design, some gilt and silk draping it. He wasn't able to see much more because suddenly he was the centre of writhing female arms and legs, his own body the object of attack.

They fell to the bed and clawed and mauled, his hands finding soft sensual titties, thighs that were warm and nylon-clad. He didn't have to reach out for a girl; they found him, mouths seeking to kiss frenziedly, hands reaching for his genital mass. Suddenly the three demure giggling eastern girls were wild creatures, hungry for prick and sex.

THREE DEMURE EASTERN GIRLS HUNGRY FOR PRICK AND SEX...!

Bhusi had a strong hold on him, her arms around him and she was trying to strip him. His zip went down and she shoved a hunting soft hand into the space, feeling for the genitalia.

Another girl – Muhme, he thought – beat Bhusi to it by forcefully pushing her hand into his trousers and actually grabbing at the thick erect penis.

He groaned and pushed a sexually hunting hand right up a dress hemline. He thought it belonged to Bhusi but he couldn't be sure.

So far the greedy sexual mauling was very British and he wondered when the eastern stuff would start. Or was there little difference in the sexing and mauling? A body was just that – a fleshy instrument upon which to play many erotic tunes.

He knew he had to get the girls stark naked because that was the path to real horny sexual impact. Nakedness would reveal the true beauty of these girls' brown-skinned bodies.

They helped, naturally and without any fuss. He didn't have to fight in order to get the dresses off, the knickers on the floor, the bras discarded. And then it was all raw flesh, the warm hungry stuff, eager as all hell for his prick.

There was one problem. A man can only stuff one blit at a time. Still, he tried some variations...

He was on top of the lovely Bhusi, sliding into the lovely path between her fleshy brown thighs, feeling the dark, strong pubic hairs drag at his warm wet cock. With his right hand he felt deeply into another pussy – the one belonging to Filsee, he thought. Did it matter what names they had? They were equally and beautifully female, rounded, voluptuous shapes for his grabbing hands and delving penis.

He was inside Bhusi, riding into her soft pink flesh, feeling the moist warmness engulf him. And his hand was deep into the other girls's mush, getting some idea of the sexual heat. As for Muhme, she was climbing onto

Continued on page 77.

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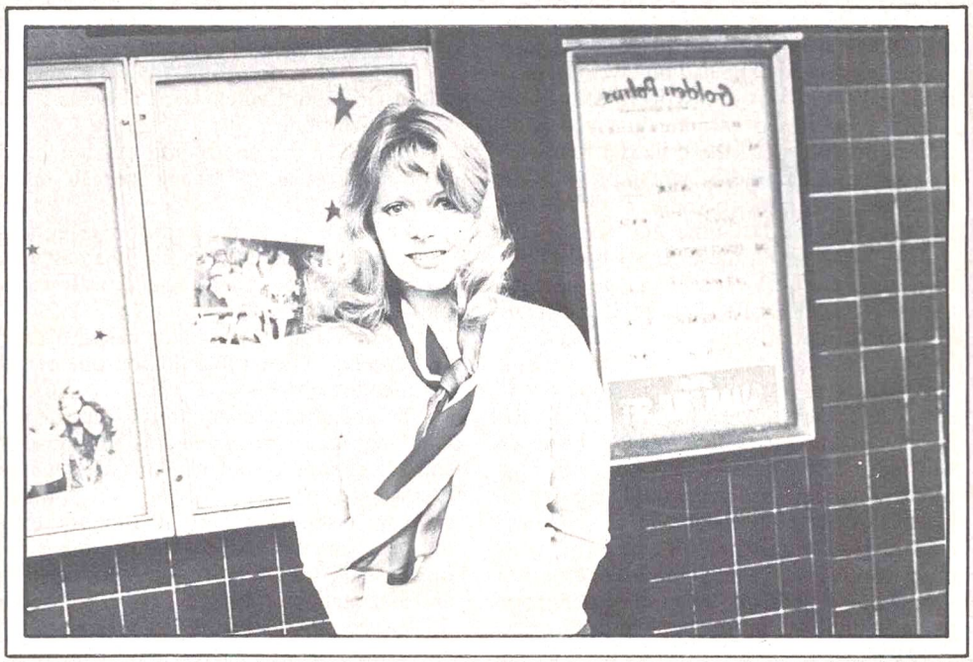

MARY MILLINGTON IN BLACKBURN

Some of the cities, towns, villages, hamlets, have such an impression on me that I can hardly wait to get back. Blackburn was such a town. People who don't know Blackburn, and even some of the people who live in Blackburn, can't understand why I like the place so much. It isn't just the locale, or the red brick, or the shopping centre, it is the folk I meet... specially the sexy folk! If you remember, the last time I visited Blackburn I stayed at a very sexy and homely hotel owned by a charming widow called Adele Jones. By sexy I don't mean that she ran a brothel, far from it, it was a respectable hotel well favoured by Commercial Travellers, but she was sexy, and I had a fabulous three-some with her and a guy called Jack Bartram, a writer I have known for longer than I care to remember, gosh, he has a prick that refuses to be satisfied, he needs two girls to keep him happy. If you don't remember the feature I wrote on Blackburn, drop me a line I may be able to find the back issue! (I'll sell your back issues Mister Publisher!)

For those who don't know Blackburn it is a Lancashire town, deep in the heart so to say. You don't see the young mill girls in a cotton shawl and clogs, although I did meet one dear old soul who did wear a shawl and had clogs on her feet. She must have had the clogs for years, I never saw any in a shop. The girls in Blackburn are as with it as the girls in London, and they have an openess about them that I found delightful. If they like you, they show it straight away, and if they dislike you... well! The guys are typical Northerners, straight to the point, and when they make love, the girl knows she has made love with a virile man. I told you last time about Eddie, a football fanatic, though what he had to be fanatical about beats me! He also had a big cock that he could use to make your Mary exhausted. But the one I really went back to see was Adele, the owner of the small hotel I stayed at. She had written me about two most fabulous men, and her letter made me blush and wish I was with her. Also, Adele is bi-sexual, like me, and her brand of loving was out of this world. She didn't advertise the fact she was a bi., she wrote and said she was saving herself for the next time I stayed with her. So I gave her a ring and told her to book me a room, Mary Millington was on her way to have a few sexy adventures... including a couple with her.

I travelled up by car, against my better judgement, driving on the Motorway scares me half to death, but I wanted to call at Manchester to meet a guy who was going to help promote my latest film. I could tell you quite a bit about him as well, but I won't, I have so much to write about Blackburn.

When I got to Adele's hotel she greeted me open arms, a big hug and a kiss, and the news that she had got herself wed!

"Not to worry honey" she whispered, "My Gregory is a broadminded man, I went to a swapping party with him. If you thought Jack Bartram was good in bed, you should meet my husband!" He knew all about me, Adele had seen to that, the madam, He shook my hand cordially, undressed me with his eyes, an said he preferred me naked! Trust Adele to get herself a man who was sexy. We had a lovely tea together, and I told the happy couple about my latest exploits. Greg kept grinning at me. I asked what was the matter.

"You Mary, I just don't believe it. Oh, Adele has told me all about you, but I just don't believe it."

Adele was cross, her eyes flashed. "You wait honey" she growled, "tonight Mary and I will wear that dick of yours to a frazzle!"

Even I blushed at her words.

I asked about Eddie, but he had left the town and gone to work in Oldham, probably changing his football allegiance en-route. I was sorry about Eddie, I had liked him... he had paid me a hundred compliments, and not all were when he had a hard on!

"I hope you don't mind Mary" Adele said, when her husband had gone to wash up the tea things... she had him well-trained in all ways, as I was to discover, "but I told a very good friend of mine that you were coming to visit me. Albert, he is a widower, a smashing fella, and he worships you. He really got onto me because I didn't introduce you the last time you were here. You've heard about these guys who have to have their trousers specially made because they have such big dicks? Well Albert is like that. Oh don't look so worried darling, he isn't a ram, in fact he is the opposite, a shy man with impeccable manners. He is scared of using his dick all the way in case he causes the gal some damage! It never worried me, I coped. I said he could pop round tomorrow and you would sign one of his pictures of you. He is one of your best customers, I think he compares you with other women, and you come off the best."

Of course I said that I would be delighted to meet him, public relations and all that.

Adele had given me the same room as I'd had the last time I stayed there, a long time after tea, thinking deeply. Adele had it all worked out, I was expected to join in with her new husband for a session. Alright, I knew she got a kick out of watching sex, but surely she was in love with Greg as a man, not just his ability in bed? Sex is important in a marriage, but it isn't the basis for a true and happy marriage. A couple could be marvellous together when screwing, and hate the sight of each other out of bed. That doesn't make a happy marriage for me. I know sex is very important, but there are more things than sex... or so they tell me! How would she really react to me sharing her husband, how would she feel if he got very passionate with me, maybe more than he did with her? I'm not trying to be clever, but I was a good few years younger than Adele, and when I fuck I go all the way, I give my (w)hole! I didn't want her to be jealous about me. Spending the night with her, was different, it would be just the pair of us... and anyway, how would Greg react to seeing his wife locked in a lesbian embrace with me. Okay, many husbands say the would like to see their wives having sex with me, I get dozens of letters a week suggesting such an arrangement, but it doesn't usually work in practice, especially if the wife has a fantastic orgasm, making it obvious that she prefers woman to woman sex than heterosexual intercourse. Adele solved my dilemma by popping her head round my door and announcing that Greg and herself would like to take me out for a drink, I took the opportunity of discussing things seriously with the pair of them. When I have sex, I don't want any kickbacks, it just isn't worth it. Of course they assured me there wouldn't be any trouble as far as they were concerned.

"We love each other of course" said Adele, "but we can seperate sex from love. We go to swapping parties, and we never get jealous of each other. Let's have another drink before we go back."

Greg went upstairs first, leaving Adele and I downstairs. She put her hand on my thigh and squeezed it gently. "In a way I would rather it were you and I" she whispered, tracing her fingers over me.

"Me too" I said, feeling, still a bit nervous about Greg, and when I am nervous I am not as abandoned!

She kissed me gently and ran her hand over my breasts. "Perhaps we can make love first."

When we got to the bedroom Greg was laid on the bed already in his pyjamas, in a way I was glad he wasn't naked, as it was it did show some patience!

"I know you usually sleep naked Mary" said Adele, "but I will lend you one of my nighties tonight."

She got undressed quite unconcernedly, and Greg read a magazine... Whitehouse of course! It didn't take me long to get undressed, I wasn't wearing very much anyway. I slipped a cute blue nightie over my head and sat, still on the nervous side, on the bed, waiting for something to start, and not feeling at all sexy. Greg put down the magazine and grinned at me.

"I think I will have a bath" he murmured and climbed from the bed. As he moved his pyjama fly flipped open and I saw his cock hanging thickly down between his hairy thighs. The way things were going it wasn't going to be long before I would be feeling that thick cock as hard as iron inside me. The thought did bring a tremor trickling through my loins.

When he had gone and we could hear the bath water running Adele sat by my side. Her eyes were soft and warm as she gazed at me. "I often think about the time we had Jack Bartram in bed Mary, we had a real good sexy time didn't we?"

I agreed with her, we did! She put her arm around my shoulders and pulled my back onto the bed, her hand then going inside the nightie to play with my left boob. A woman's caress is different to a man's, softer yet firmer, and my nipples soon erected and I relaxed.

"I feel very sexy tonight darling" she whispered, moving the shoulder strap of my nightie so that both my boobs were naked to her touch. She bent her head and kissed a throbbing nipple, her hand creeping up between my thighs to caress my hole. I felt an experienced finger stroke along my clitoris and I widened my legs. She was breathing heavily and gently rubbing the vee of her thighs against my leg. She managed to lodge herself on my knee and I moved it slowly, widening her slit, the moisture sliding on my flesh. She rubbed me with the ball of her hand, pressing quite hard against me, we kissed, our breast crushing together. At last I was beginning to feel sexy and I rubbed my knee harder against her cunt. My nightie was up to my waist, most of my body was bared to be loved. She came over me and our cunts met. I gasped when I felt her extended clitoris brushed against mine, tiny hard and tormenting. We gripped each other, breasts crushed together, cunts writhing and squirming. She panted and heaved above me, I felt my orgasm begin to swell through my body.

"Oh Mary" she murmured, bouncing harder onto me, "later we will kiss each other." And her lips met mine in the searing kiss of orgasm.

I closed my eyes as she came away from me, breathing heavily through my mouth, my boobs still swollen. Gently I touched the spot between my legs, my cunt was puffy, the clitoris still hard, I was ready for more... and I wasn't long in getting it.

"That was wonderful" croaked Greg.

He was standing at the bedroom door, his cock standing out from his pyjamas. He came across to the bed and smiled down at me. I gazed up at his cock, longing to reach out and fondle it. I glanced at Adele. She was hunched up at the top of the bed, hugging her knees.

"Fuck with Mary, I'd like to see him screwing a girl as sexy as you."

Greg came by my side and kissed me, his cock hard against my thigh. I thrilled at its touch. although I like lesbian sex, I think I prefer a hard cock up me. He fondled my body, re-arousing my flesh... not that it needed much encouragement, I was aching to have him.

"Will... will you come over me?" he asked.

I looked at his towering cock, bubbles of clear moisture oozing from the end, and nodded. He lay on his back, and no sooner was he in position than Adele was crouched over his face, her cunt readily accessable to his mouth. He gripped her hips as she lowered down, and his face vanished into the depths of her thighs. I grasped his cock, and got over it, guiding it into my wet pussy. Adele and I were facing each other, his cock up me, her cunt on his face being kissed and suck. Slowly I rode up and down the hard shaft, enjoying the friction of his flesh inside my groove. Adele reached out and caressed my boobs, and I did the same to her. We were all being sexed beautifully at the same time. I felt his cock swelling up.

"He's going to come" I whispered.

Adele nodded weakly. "And so am I"

I think it was look of utter ecstasy on her face that triggered me off as much as anything. Her mouth opened, her nipples stiffened harder in my fingers, her eyes closed and a slow gurgle came from her throat. Greg came off at the same time, flooding his semen into me.

"Oh fuck" croaked Adele, "Oh fuck, fuck, fuck!"

I had all of Greg's cock inside me as I wriggled through my climax, gripping Adele's tits hard in my intense excitement. When he had gone limp Adele and I came away from him and clung to each other, kissing hotly, our hands roaming over our hot flesh.

Sometimes, even after an orgasm, you can still want more, and that was how I was, I had come twice already, once with Adele, and then with Greg's cock up me, and I still wanted more. As Adele and I pressed close together I reached out and fondled Greg's cock until once again it stiffened. With no doubt, Greg was a virile man! I gently wanked him while Adele frigged smoothly between my legs, her fingernail scratching lightly on my clit. He shuffled in closer, and held his hard cock in his hand. I knew what he wanted so I pursed my lips. He was gentle, and I was pleased about that, I wasn't in

the best of positions to get away should he get very horny. He knelt by my head, bending forwards so that his cock could get into my mouth and I fellated him. Suddenly I felt a delightful whirring against my cunt lips. I glanced down and Adele was there, a vibro in her hand, about to work me off with it. She had another one in her other hand, no doubt to use on herself. I held out my free hand and smiled as best I could... smiling is difficult when you have a mouth full of randy cock! She shuffled up to the other side of me, widened her legs and I was able to move the vibro over her passionate hole, and she could still fuck me with her vibrator, and I was comfortable with Greg's cock in my mouth. We must have made a strange looking trio, Greg rocking his hips gently, fucking my mouth, me with a vibrator up me, and Adele being vibrated by me. Greg came came off first, he pulled his cock from my mouth and pressed it against my breasts. some men find this adds to their excitement, they like the feel of a girls tits on their spurting cock. He slid away from us when he had finished, leaving Adele and I to work at each other.

I did manage my own bed that night, about three I think it was. Greg had done very well indeed, he had proved a good lover, and never once had he shown any signs of jealousy when Adele and I made love. For that matter neither had Adele when Greg screwed me. I don't pretend to understand how a couple can profess to love each other yet share each other sexually. It goes on all the time, I know from readers letters, and stories about wife-swapping. I am a single girl. I have no definite ties, but I do feel that if I were married I wouldn't want my husband to screw anyone else but me. Whenever I have joined a husband and wife for three-way sex I always have this feeling of guilt afterwards. Suppose he enjoyed fucking me more than his wife, and told her so! Suppose after his wife had made love with me she decided to be a lesbian?

However, with Adele and Greg everything was bright and normal at breakfast. Greg drove off to his job with a song on his lips, and Adele set about running her small hotel. Actually I wouldn't call it a hotel, more of a guest house.

During the morning I popped along to see Jack Bartram, the sex writer I knew. We had a long chat about the magazines, and I brought him up to date with the current scene. We had a quick love session on his studio couch, more to give him sexual relief than anything, he had a horn on all the time we were talking, trying to sneak a glimpse at my tits, so in the end I took off my trousers and we made it on the couch. I always seem to have this effect on men, we talk normally then get randy. It's okay if we are in a private place, and I fancy a bit, but if we are in public it is embarrassing! I was once in a restaurant in soho with this guy. He kept caressing my leg under the table cloth and got very very sexy. In the end he took my hand and placed it on his tool... still in his pants I hasten to add. I wanked him off by rubbing the palm of my hand up and donw the hard shaft, and when he spunked he dug his fingers into my inner thigh, hurting like the devil. I had a bruise on there for ages. The trouble was, it made me randy, and I had to nip into the loo and have a quick rub myself. Men don't realise that a girl can get very hot between the legs when she masturbates a guy... I can anyway. There is something about the feel of a hot throbbing cock in my hand that affects me.

I called in at a shop that enjoyed a good sale of the magazines, signed a few copies, then had a meal at a Chinese. During the afternoon I had a few phone calls to make, the office, a friend of mine who chatters for hours on the phone if I am paying, and to suggest I went to Preston next... not all that far away, and very near to one of my favourite seaside resorts Blackpool. It was in Blackpool that I was screwed so hard I thought my tail would drop off. When I had finished phoning I lay on the bed and fell asleep... which was a good thing, considering what was in store for me that night!

I had forgotten about Albert, the widower who worshipped me from afar until Adele knocked on my bedroom door.

"He's here" she whispered.

"Who's here?" I queried, wondering who on earth she meant.

"Albert, you know I told you about him yesterday, the widower who reads all your adventures and wants to meet you."

"Oh yes" I muttered, "would you send him up Adele, I'll just nip in the bathroom and freshen up."

"I should put some lubricant down there darling, he's a big lad!"

"Really Adele" I laughed, "I don't go to bed with every man I meet, I have to like him a lot and find him sexually attractive. If I don't like your albert, I'll sign a photograph and he'll be back downstairs before you know it."

I had a wash amd made up my face and brushed my hair. Apart from having my clothes on I was the Mary Millington of the glamour magazine world.

When I returned to my bedroom Albert was seated on the small settee. I put him in his fifties, he hadn't a lot of hair, but bald men have never put me off, they are usually quite virile, but what he had was greying around the temples. He had an infectious smile as he rose to his feet to shake my hand.

"I am more than pleased to meet you Miss Millington" he said, warmly. "I am one of your greatest admirers. You are much younger than I thought."

That endeared him to me straight away!

I opened my suitcase and took out a selection of my photographs, and asked him to pick one for me to sign. He chose one of me wearing black stockings, suspender belt and nothing else. I signed the pic across the front of my thigh, beginning at the stocking top and ending at the crook of my thigh. Whoever looked at that signature would know Mary Millington was female!

I asked him how long he had been reading the magazines.

"Oh a long time, I bought the first issue of Private, when your sister Doreen went on her travels. Unfortunately I never met her, I don't think she came to Blackburn." That meant he had been reading the magazines for over six years, Private was the first one that David Sullivan published.

"I remember a series called Sir Giles, the Victorian Rake, being in Private, it went on for ages, and I enjoyed every part. He reminded me of myself a bit, I used to be a rake in my younger days, but my late wife was very understanding."

I was beginning to think that a lot of people in Blackburn were understanding about their partners... unless I attract those kind of couples!

"The men you meet Miss Millington, and I mean really meet, not just talk to, are very lucky. You know that Eddie you saw the last time you were here? I knew him, I tried to get him to tell me what happened, but he wouldn't let on, said what happened was very private between the two of you."

Now that touched me about Eddie, we had fucked each other stupid that day, yet

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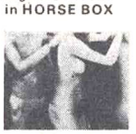
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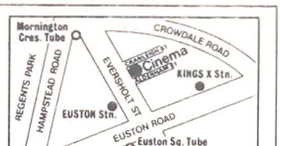

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MARY MILLINGTON IN BLACKBURN

he had never boasted about it to his friends.

"Of course I appreciated his silence" went on Albert, "even though it did surprise me to learn that Eddie was such a gentleman. I suppose I had better be going Miss Millington, no doubt you have another admirer to see."

He rose to his feet, but I put a restraining arm on his.

"I am quite free tonight Albert, please stay a little longer. Would you like a drink?"

He said he would love one, so I nipped downstairs and borrowed a bottle from Adele.

"Have you seen his cock yet?" she asked.

"No, I have not!" I retorted. "He's a nice man, he doesn't rush anything."

"He must be scared to death of you" she smiled. "When I first met Albert we were only together alone for ten minutes and he had my drawers off."

"That was you" I laughed, "sexy beast."

I went back to my room with the bottle and two glasses. Albert had removed his jacket and unfastened his tie, making himself at home! I poured the drinks and sat with him on the sofa, it was restricted for making love, but I guessed that if anything did happen, we would make it to the bed, a few feet away. We sipped our drinks and chatted some more. He was most interesting in my modelling, wanting to know the usual things. Suddenly he said, "You are one of the most beautiful and charming girls I have ever met Mary. To make love to you would be an honour, a privilege, and above all, a pleasure." I leaned against the back of the sofa and stared straight ahead. It was an old line, I'd heard it many times, yet coming from Albert I felt strangely flattered.

"I know I am a lot older than you my dear Mary. But I am not exactly decrepit yet!" I laughed and put my hand on his knee. "I can tell that Albert, but you do have a reputation you know."

His face clouded. "So Adele has been talking to you then? I am a gentle lover Mary, I have to be. My wife was a virgin when we married, and for years she believed that all men had large... large dicks, like me. Then she took a lover and found out they hadn't! From all accounts it didn't spoil it for her, or she wouldn't have kept her lover for as long as she did. A lot of girls are afraid when they see me for the first time. Would you be afraid Mary?"

"I don't know" I said, huskily, already imagining what his cock looked like. "Why don't you show me and see!"

He took a deep breath. "You're laughing at me, aren't you?"

I turned to him and put my hand on the front of his pants, feeling for his cock.

"I am not laughing at you Albert, honest I'm not" I put my face up for him to kiss and when our lips met I gently rubbed at his cock, feeling it begin to stiffen. When we parted I slowly unfastened the buttons on my blouse and bared my tits, watching his face as I did. His cock jerked, and hardened some more as he gazed with lustful eyes at at my mounds. Gently he caressed a tit until the nipple hardened. His cock was straining at the front of his pants and I slowly ran my hand down the length. He was big, he was massive, quite the largest cock I had ever touched in my life. I had seen larger cocks, during the competition we held, but never had hold of one as big as this! He was breathing heavily as I rose to my feet and removed my blouse altogether. He stood up and unfastened his shirt, clasping me to his chest and kissing me hotly on the mouth.

"I don't think I will hurt you Mary" he muttered, fumbling with the zip on the front of my denim trousers.

"I don't think you will Albert" I croaked, now very hot down there.

I took my own denims off, his hands were trembling that much, and got onto the bed wearing just a tight pair of pale blue panties. He shucked out of his trousers and I saw his huge cock. It was some weapon, I doubted if I would be able to get one hand around it. The foreskin had slid back behind the ridge, baring a dome as big as a small fist. I caught my breath as he advanced towards me, his cock swaying almost threateningly. But his hands were gentle as they caressed my body, thank heavens he was in no hurry to drive that beautiful yet monstrous cock into me, it would have hurt I am sure.

We kissed, I played with him as best I could, while he fondled my tits, then down between my legs to rub along my moist slit. Soon I forgot he was so big and jerked my body against him, thrilling as I felt his hardness along my thigh. He wanted to fuck me, I knew that, but he was holding himself back well. He kissed down my tummy and between my open thighs, drilling his tongue deep into the crevice, then flicking expertly at my clitoris. This man had spent a lot of time on oral love, no doubt because most of the girls he bedded were terrified by the size of his cock. His hands went under my bare bottom, lifting me higher from the bed. I crooked my legs over each shoulder, and he pushed his face between them, eating and sucking me. He was now kneeling up fully, and my shoulders rested on the bed, and I was looking up at him as he cunnied me. I could see his glorious cock standing out from his hairy groin, the end purple and inflamed with lust. I wanted to get it, toss him off, make him come, give him the same pleasure as he was giving me, but in my position I couldn't. I put my hands to my tits and squeezed them as the ecstasy began in my loins. My heels drummed on his back as his tongue brought me to a climax, his fingers dug into my skin, adding to my pleasure. when I had finished shaking he took his face away from me and smiled. His skin glistened from my love juice, and he gently lowered my legs down to the bed, and spread them wide apart. I watched breathlessly as he advanced between my legs, his huge cock held in both hands. slowly he inserted the hot tip, I felt it forcing my sex lips apart. He pushed slightly, and I caught my breath as he went in an inch. He came forward, holding himself up on stiff arms, not laying on top of me, but in such a position that I could look down between us and see his thick cock prodding at my hole, and by just jerking his hips slightly, he could penetrate me a bit at a time. I brought my knees up, then tried to lock my ankles around his back, making my cunt as wide as possible. He pushed forward some more, and I gasped again at the largeness of the man. Then suddenly I knew I could take him.

"Fuck me" I murmured, looking up into his sweating face.

He lowered his arms, crushing my swollen tits against his chest, and pushed deeper. I closed my eyes, willing my gasping cunt to open up some more and take this wonderful man all the way. My fingers dug into his shoulders as he went on and on, then he paused and kissed me passionately on the mouth.

"I'm inside you Mary, all the way, you've taken every inch of my dick."

"Then fuck me with it Albert" I breathed, that full of his cock it made my throat ache! He moved slowly, I could feel every movement he made. My sheath was slippery and after a few seconds I rose up to meet him, making sure that every gentle thrust he made meant he had his whole cock in me. He pushed deep once, and I felt his pelvis bone on me. He twitched his cock, I used my cunt muscles, and that was the only move we made for a few moments, twitching and squeezing. His hands went under me, he gripped me hard, his passion was rising, he wouldn't be able to hold back any longer.

"Hard" I found myself saying, "give it to me harder."

He grunted, and did as I asked, driving into me with tremendous force, knocking what breath I had out of my body. My cunt muscles tightened around that massive shaft, I was having a most fantastic orgasm, I was coming so intensely it could have come out of my ears! I felt his cock explode, filling me with hot come and I clung to him like I was drowning... I was in a way, he had come a tremendous lot. When he pulled his cock out it sounded like a cork from a bottle, so tightly had he plugged me.

I put a few more kisses on his photograph for that!

I want to thank you Blackburn for giving me such a wonderful time. To Mick, to Brenda, two marvellous people who showed me what night spots there were. And of course to Adele and her husband, for letting me stay with them. They don't come any sexier than Adele. And of course to Albert, the widower with a tremendous cock. He dropped me a line the other day telling me he is courting. Lucky girl, once she gets used to his size, he should make her a very happy woman. She'll certainly know she's been screwed when she sleeps with our Albert!

See you next time, when I will have visited Preston, another Lancashire town.

Byee.

ANGEL

A beautiful, but un-modest name – for a beautiful, but not un-modest model!

JUST ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL SEXY ACTRESS

Meet ANGEL, she's just one of the beautiful and sexy actresses who appear in the new erotic movie EMANUELLE MEETS THE WIFE SWAPPERS. The film tells the story of a young girl who has just left an exclusive Swiss Finishing School, she goes to college and does a thesis on 'contact' magazines. Obviously, she is corrupted by the kinky people she meets, including a FEMALE sailor. 'Emanuelle Meets The Wife Swappers' features all forms of explicit sexual activity, including Duo, Group and Les Action. The pictures here are not stills from the film. ANGEL, is just one of thirty or so really beautiful actresses from Denmark, Sweden, Germany and Holland who are featured in 'Emanuelle Meets the Wife Swappers'. This is a film NOT to be missed by all lovers of really good sex films – it's a hard, but erotic film, a real blue movie. However, whilst it's naughty it's also funny, so it will probably appeal to ladies as well as male readers.

'EMANUELLE MEETS THE WIFE SWAPPERS' is showing NOW at the MOULIN CINEMA, Gt. Windmill St., Soho. It is showing from 11.15am daily, continuous performances – with a late show nightly at 11.00pm. We urge you NOT to miss this film!

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If you would like a letter published in this section, please send your mail to Playbirds Magazine (Reader's Letters Editor), 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E.7.

Hitch-hiker Hump

Dear Editor,
The other day I had this really fantastic experience. I was on my bike going down a quiet country lane – I'm a bit of a keep-fit fanatic – when I saw this girl thumbing a lift. Well it was pretty obvious that I couldn't give her a lift on my bike, but I stopped anyway. She was a really good-looking girl, with long black hair and wearing a blouse and a pair of jeans.

We started talking and she told me that she had been trying to get a lift for hours, but that she hadn't seen one single car. I said that I'd stop with her and keep her company till one came along and she seemed to be very pleased with the idea.

We sat down on the grass verge and talked about this and that for a while and then, somehow, the talk got round to sex. Well, she seemed to like talking about sex, and as a matter of fact, so do I. Anyway, she mentioned the fact that her boyfriend had gone abroad on business, and that she hadn't had a screw for three weeks, and that she was really missing it. I took my courage in both hands and said that I could rectify that situation for her if she liked. I thought that she would just tell me to get lost.

But she didn't, she just smiled and nodded her head. Well, I could hardly believe my luck, I had to pinch my self to make sure that I wasn't dreaming, but then she said that she was so oversexed that if I hadn't come along she would have masturbated herself, and that would have been an awful waste of a good pussy. I told her that I couldn't agree more.

I suggested that we go into the woods which were only a few hundreds yards away, and she nodded her head and smiled again. When we got behind the thick trees she started to take her clothes off, and when she was naked I gasped out in appreciation. She was really fantastic, she had these large breasts and ripe red nipples, nipples that seemed to jut out a good two inches from her tits. She had shaved off most of her pubic hair and I could see the delicate folds of her pussy lips. I took my clothes off in about ten seconds flat and saw that my prick was already ramrod stiff and throbbing with power. She looked at my prick and I saw her eyes widen with excitement. I know it may sound like I am boasting, but I have a very thick, and a very long penis; and not many girls have ever complained at what I have done with it.

She told me to stretch out on the grass and that she would give me some head, so I did as she said. She knelt over me, her heavy breasts bobbing about a bit, and then she placed her right hand on my penis, and her long fingers curled round my shaft, then she lowered her head and started to trace delicate patterns all over my glans with her little darting tongue.

Then her head went down even further and she took the whole of my glans into her mouth, so far in as a matter of fact that it touched the back of her throat.

Then she started to suck, she used her cheeks and her tongue to such good effect on my penis that I came in about ten seconds flat. She didn't seem annoyed that I'd shot my load so quickly, but to tell the truth I was just a little embarrassed about it. Anyway, she said that I had better rest for a little while and hoped that I'd last longer next time. I breathed a sigh of relief that there was going to be a next time.

We talked for a little while and then she suggested that I go down on her, she said that doing that would make me randy again. So I used my fingers to pull her quim wide open and I looked deep into her pussy hole. It was a fantastic sight. Her juices were bubbling down like a miniature waterfall, and her little clitoris was standing to attention. I took that clitoris in my mouth and sucked hard on it, and she yelled out with pleasure as an orgasm ripped all the way through her lovely naked body.

I shoved my tongue deep inside her after that and lapped up her love juice, and she had so many orgasms that we both lost count.

Then my penis got really hard again, so I stretched her out on the grass and drove my prick deep into her wet love tube. She moaned and groaned as I slammed in and out of her and she moved her bum and hips in exact time to my strokes. This time I lasted one hell of a lot longer and she had orgasm after orgasm and was yelling so loud she must have been heard miles away. I was quite pleased with my performance that time, and when I came I shot a really heavy load of sticky spunk deep into her quim.

When I pulled my penis out my sperm trickled from her quim lips, so she put her fingers down to her vagina, wiped the spunk up, then raised her fingers to her lips and sucked at them till they were clean and dry. It really was a lovely thing to watch.

Then she got dressed, and I said that I was sorry that that was all I was going to get; but she smiled and told me that she was just going deep into the trees to have a pee, and that she would be back in a moment. So I stretched out on the grass and waited for her to come back. I waited, and waited, and I waited. In the end I got dressed and walked through the thicket back to the lane where I had left my bike. And there it was gone, as they say. On the grass verge was a little note that said: "Sorry, but I really must get to the next village, you see my husband is waiting for me there. I've taken you bike but I will leave it at the village pub." Then there was a P.S. "Look at it this way," she had written, "I've taken you bike and you got a free screw out of it. That is a fair exchange whatever way you look at it".

And on reflection I suppose she was right. Only trouble was I had to walk three miles through the countryside to get to the next village, and halfway there it started to pour down with rain. But it was a nice screw!

Mr. T.F.,
London SW1

Heading In My Direction

Dear Editor,
I know that you must get lots of letters from men telling you about their experiences when they have been driving along in their cars and they have picked up women hitch-hikers. I've read lots of those sorts of letters in your magazine, but up until now I've never believed that they were true. I say 'up until now' because the other day I picked up a couple of girls that were thumbing lifts and what happened to me then was out of this world.

I was driving along in a very deserted part of the Lake District when I stopped and picked up these two girls. They said that their names were Tina and Kim, and it turned out they were heading for the same place that I was. Well I shoved their luggage in the boot, then they both got into the back seat, and I drove away. We all talked for a bit then I started to concentrate on my driving.

Then I happened to glance into the rear view mirror and I almost lost control over the car with what I saw. Tina was running her hands all over the front of Kim's sweater, and Kim was moaning and gasping with joy. Then Kim took her sweater off and exposed her rather large breasts. Tina lowered her head and started to suck away at the other girl's nipples. Well, I was so surprised at this carry-on that I just had to stop the car and ask them what they thought they were doing. Tina told me that they were both bisexual and they really enjoyed making love to each other.

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Well one thing led to another and we all got out of the car and walked into the woods. There the two girls got undressed and I spread a blanket out on the ground for them, a blanket that I had taken from the boot of the car. The reason they had agreed to let me watch them was quite simple. They were both feeling as randy as hell, they both wanted to screw each other, and I was going to where they wanted to go, so it was a fair exchange. I could watch them screw each other, and then I'd drive them to their destination.

Tina stretched out on the blanket and opened her legs as wide as they would go, then she reached down and used her fingers to pull open her vaginal lips. The inside of her love tube was very nice indeed, and my prick started to jerk away under my trousers.

Then Kim also stretched out on the blanket and she also used her fingers and pulled her quim lips wide open. I was now looking into two gaping wide pussy holes at the same time, and it was a sight that I will remember for the rest of my life. Two red, soaking wet tubes were in front of my eyes. I knelt down on the grass and lent forward to get a good a view as possible.

Then Tina reached out with her hands and pushed two of her fingers deep into her own quim. She began to move her fingers in and out and her juices flowed out in a steady stream and soaked into the blanket. Then Kim did the same thing, she started to wank herself off as well, and there I was watching two girls masturbate. It was very nice.

Then the two girls got into the sixty-nine position, and I saw them plunge their tongues into each other's quims. The air became full of the musky scent of their juices, and also the heavy slurping sounds from the fingers.

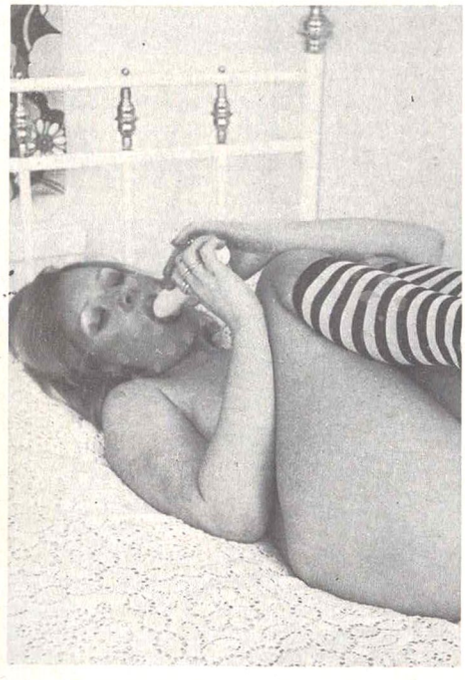
They both seemed to come at the same time. They both shouted out very loud, and both their bodies jerked and convulsed. Tina's quim was soaking wet and her vaginal lips were all puffed out and sticky with her pussy juice. Kim's quim was also wet, but her lips weren't puffed out as much as the other girl.

I started to take off my clothes, but they said that they weren't in the mood to be screwed by a man. I must have looked very disappointed, or very frustrated, or both, for they whispered together for a little while, and then Tina said that although they wouldn't let me screw them I was quite welcome to masturbate over them. Well, that seemed better than nothing, so I took off all my clothes and went over to where they were stretched out on the blanket.

I knelt by the side of them and placed my penis over Tina's face, then I reached down with my hands and started to wank myself off. Both the girls looked at me with a great deal of interest, and as I continued to move my foreskin up and down over Tina's face I noticed a gleam of excitement appear in the girl's eyes. Suddenly Kim moved over to me, she pushed my hand away, then she placed her right hand over my shaft and started to masturbate me.

She pulled at my prick very fast indeed, and when I ejaculated Kim pointed my penis at Tina's mouth, and all my spunk shot into that lovely hole. Tina swallowed my spunk down just as fast as she could but some of it still dripped from her lips.

Kim let go of my prick, then she moved over to Tina and kissed her on the lips. It was pretty obvious that they were passing my spunk from one mouth to another and then swallowing it down.



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Then they started sucking at each other's quims again, and they had obviously forgotten about me, so I put my clothes on again, and sat down on the grass and watched them lick each other to orgasm. Then they got dressed, we all went back to the car, and I drove them to where they wanted to go. Now I know that that sounds like a very strange story, but every word of it is true. I mean, if I'd have cared to have lied I would have told you that I managed to screw both of them. But I didn't. So if you are ever in the Lake District, and you give Tina and Kim a lift, then perhaps you'll have better luck than I did.

Mr. T.R.,
Leeds

The Playbirds

Dear Editor,

I am just writing to you to thank you for recommending that I see the film THE PLAYBIRDS. I really enjoyed it, probably the best film I've ever seen. It has a really good plot as well as being very erotic, the music's great as well. I went to see the film twice at my local cinema in Blackpool, as there were a few things I didn't understand, and I liked it more the second time than the first, so I am off to see it a third time next week!

Roger Hayes, Blackpool.

Coffee Bar Catch

Dear Editor,

I was sitting in a coffee bar the other day watching the rain beat down on the plate glass window and wondering what the hell to do with myself for the rest of the day, when this woman sat down next to me. To say that she was the most beautiful woman that I had ever seen would have been the understatement of the year.

She was tall, with long black hair that swung easily round her shoulders; her eyes were deep brown and seemed to be twinkling with amusement. She was dressed in a very expensive looking outfit, and the subtle scent of her perfume made my senses reel.

We started to talk. I don't know how the conversation started, it just did. And for some reason we got on like a house on fire. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to ask her back to my flat for a drink. I was very pleased when she accepted.

Back at my flat we talked some more and had a few more drinks. She kept smiling at me and crossing and uncrossing her legs. I knew she was the sort of woman that wouldn't be contented with a quick grope on the sofa, so I got up, walked over to her and said: "Would you like to go to bed with me?" Now it was the first time that I'd ever been so blunt with a woman, and I was just a little nervous at what her reaction would be. I needn't have worried. She stood up, smiled, put down her drink, then nodded her head. I took her by the hand and led her into the bedroom.

She told me to get undressed, which I did, then I stretched out on the bed and waited for her to go into action. She stood in the middle of the room and slowly started to take off her clothes. She unbuttoned her blouse, slipped it from her smooth shoulders, and threw it into a corner of the room. She wasn't wearing a bra. I smiled in appreciation at her breasts. They were large, very well shaped, without the slightest trace of sag, and her nipples were a dark pink colour. I could tell from the shape and texture of her nipples that when she got excited they would really jut out from her lovely breasts.

Her hands moved down and she unzipped her skirt. She stepped from it then peeled her white panties down from her rounded hips. I looked at her vagina and gasped out loud. She had shaved off all her pubic hair, I could see every fold and crinkle of her vaginal lips, and it was the sort of sight that would have made a dead man stand up and beg. I was far from dead, so the reaction I got was that my penis started to throb away like hell and stuck up like a pole from my balls.

She moved slowly over to the bed and stretched out next to me. I reached out and cupped her perfect breasts in my hands. Her nipples became erect and a soft moan came from her mouth. I moved my head and took her right nipple deep into my mouth. I sucked on it as hard as I could and it became erect and vibrant in my mouth.

I lifted my head, looked at her, then pointed down at my penis. She got the message right away. She moved down me and her long, slim fingers started to move slowly up and down my shaft. Then she pulled my foreskin back and exposed my swollen glans. I saw her eyes light up with excitement and her mouth opened and she ran her tongue over her lips.

Then her head moved again and my whole body jerked as her mouth closed over the head of my penis. She knew exactly what she was doing with her tongue and mouth, in fact she was the most experienced woman that I had ever come across.

Her darting tongue flickered backwards and forwards over my knob and her hands squeezed and fondled at my balls. The blood rushed through my body and all my muscles were tense and throbbing. I managed to run my right hand down her back and by twisting a little I was able to push the little finger of my hand deep into her sweet puckered anus. She loved it, really loved it.

Although I pride myself on my self control she really was too much for me. She sucked and licked and all of a sudden my prick exploded in a torrent of sperm. She continued to suck and I saw her throat move as she swallowed down my thick sperm.

Then she raised her head from my flaccid penis and I saw little drops of my come sparkling on her red lips. Her tongue flashed out and she lapped it up. She told me that she really liked the taste of my come, and how salty it was.

I told her to stretch out. She did as she was told and opened her legs as wide as they would go. I got down in between her legs and then used my fingers to pull her vaginal lips apart. I looked deep into her love tube. It was a fantastic sight. I saw masses of red, wet flesh. Her juices were coming down from her puffed out lips and soaking into the sheets on the bed.

Continued on page 69

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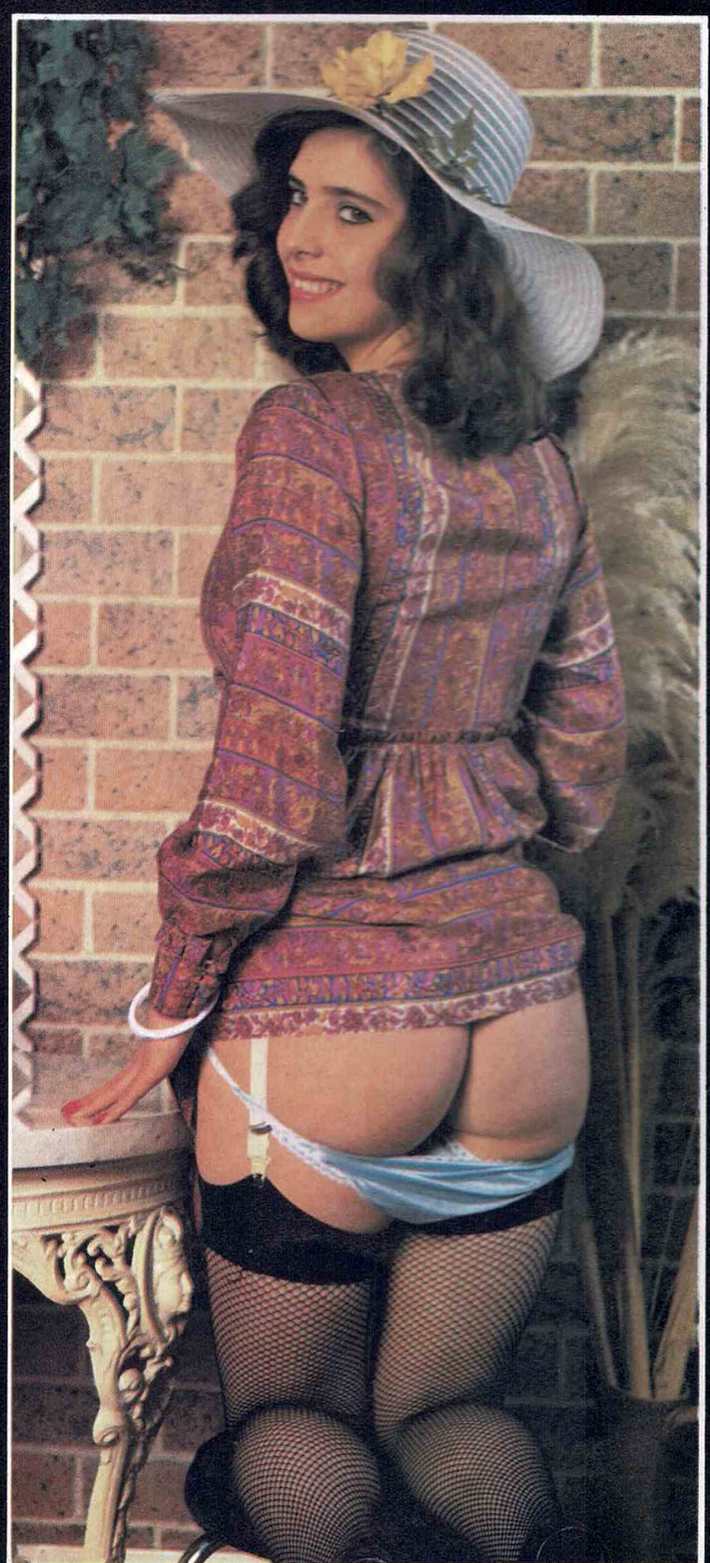
The long awaited return of one of PLAYBIRDS Most popular models.

LISA

Readers were intrigued by Lisa's 'shiny' panties when she last appeared, a few issues ago. Well, here they are again! "But I'm sure there are things you'd rather see than my kinky panties..."



"Why don't you come up close to me? I love being loved from behind... I'm so wet, just waiting for you... do you like my lovely wet pussy?"

I pushed the tip of my tongue deep into that pussy hole and drank down her musk flavoured juices. Then I licked at her little clitoris. She had orgasm after orgasm as my tongue went further and further into her.

I sucked at her for some time and after a little while my penis started to show signs of life again. I ran the tip of my knob up and down her slit and she gasped with pleasure. Then I slowly drove my throbbing penis into her love tube. It was like dipping it into a barrel of honey. Mind you she also had very strong vaginal muscles. Her muscles gripped my penis so hard I thought it was going to break in half. Then I started to plunge in and out, in and out, as fast as I could. I battered against her vaginal wall and every now and then the tip of my knob touched the mouth of her womb. Her legs clamped round my back and her nails ripped across my shoulders. Sweat was pouring from our bodies and her nipples and breasts were crushed beneath my chest.

Then I ejaculated. My sperm jetted into her in thick hot streams and she shouted out loud as her climax ripped through her.

I pulled my penis out of her quim, moved up her body. She took my glans into her mouth and then licked at it until it was clean and dry. She said that the taste of my sperm all mixed up with her own juices was one of the best tastes that she had ever experienced. Well, it beats coffee in a coffee bar any day.

Mr. S.C.,
Henfield

Keeping Yourself Amused

Dear Editor,
I'm a woman, and every now and then I buy your magazine to read the very good stories that you publish and I've noticed that you don't seem to get very many letters from women, so I thought I'd balance that out and write one to you. But now that I've started writing I don't really know what to say.

I wonder if your readers would be interested in how a woman like me masturbates herself when her husband is away on business? Well, I hope you are interested because that is what I'm going to tell you about. There are many ways that a woman can have an orgasm by masturbating, she can have a clitoral orgasm, or a vaginal orgasm, or, in my case, she can also have a nipple and breast orgasm. Yes, that's right, I did say a nipple and breast orgasm, and whatever you may think it is not that unusual, not when a woman has very sensitive breasts and nipples.

I happen to have very, very sensitive nipples and just touching them sometimes gives me a climax, mind you there are other ways than just touching them. You see my breasts are very large so I am able to suck on my own nipples. This is how I do it to myself.

I sit up on the bed and rest my back on the headboard then I place my hands under my right breast and lift it up just as far as it will go, this means that my erect nipple is just an inch or so away from my chin, then I lower my head and stick out my tongue. By really forcing my head down I am able to lick at the erect nipple on my right breast with the tip of my tongue, and as the rough skin of my tongue touches the smooth tissue of my nipple I have a terrific climax. Sometimes when my nipple is really jutting out from my breast I am able to take it into my mouth, and when that happens I have a climax of incredible power. Just to feel my nipple inside my mouth sends me mad with desire, and to actually suck at it, to feel it inside my mouth, to feel it all wet and sticky from my tongue, and to feel it grow in my mouth makes my juices flow from my quim in a waterfall and I have the sort of orgasm that words cannot explain.

Then I do exactly the same thing to my other breast and again I have a lovely series of orgasms. Mind you I also wank myself off in the conventional way as well. I have a collection of dildoes and other things that I use on myself. I usually start off by running my fingers up and down the crinkled folds of my vaginal lips and this gets me really worked up, then, when my juices are flowing freely and there is plenty of lubrication, I take the biggest

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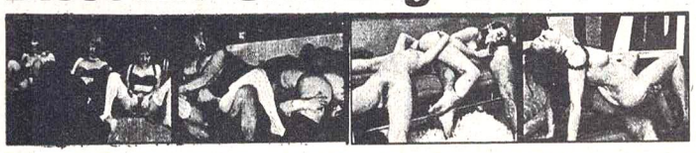

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And there is more good news. Because of our high turnover we are able to offer these superb films in both **colour** and **black & white** at really low prices. So why not make a selection from the 30 titles below and get your slice of the action! You won't be disappointed!

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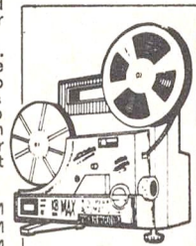

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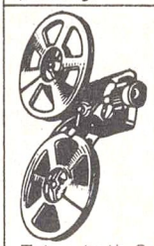

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candle that I can find and push it all the way into my quim. Then I slowly push it in and out and as my juices flow down even faster there is the most lovely slurping sound from my vaginal area. It doesn't take long to reach a climax by using that very thick candle but it isn't the same as having a prick inside you. No, nothing can match the feeling I get when a huge throbbing prick slides into my pussy hole and there is a man on top of me. I love it when that prick batters in and out of my quim, I enjoy feeling his tight balls banging against my soft skin as he gets into top gear, and I enjoy clamping my legs round his back and pulling him down on top of me.

But most of all I like it when he comes inside me. I can feel the hot sperm shooting out into my hole, I can feel the stuff swimming about inside me, and I can feel his knob jerking away against the flesh of my tube. Hell, it's beautiful!

But I'm getting off the subject. There isn't always a man available when I want one, so I have to make do with masturbation. I don't always use a candle of course, sometimes I use a cucumber or even a banana, in fact I will use anything that goes inside my love tube.

Then there is the clitoris. To reach an orgasm via my little clit I use a high speed vibrator. I place the tip of the vibrator against the erect tissue of my clitoris and then turn it on. Ripples of excitement course through my body as that vibrator does its work, and I never fail to get an orgasm in about one minute flat when I do that.

I could go on for hours and hours about the way in which I wank myself off, but there is not enough space in this magazine for that. So let me end by telling you about the best thing that I enjoy when making love with a man – I also like making love with other women but that is another story. When I screw with a man I like nothing better than to take his penis into my mouth and give him a blow job. I love to feel the savage power of his glans inside my mouth, and I wrap my tongue round it and then suck at it with all my might. Now some women will suck a man off but not swallow down his sperm, that to me is stupid. If you are going to suck a man off then you must swallow his sperm down. I really love feeling that sticky spunk trickle down my throat and go into my stomach. It always, but always, gives me an orgasm. I remember once that I went to bed with two men, and I had one prick in my... but no, that's a different subject, and even this magazine is not liberated enough to tell you what happened that night.

Anyway I hope that my brief, very brief letter, will have given your readers some idea of how a woman can enjoy herself when she is on her own, not that I like being on my own. So if any man reading this is free for this evening why don't you pop round to my place. I'm ready, willing, and very able.

Stacy L.,
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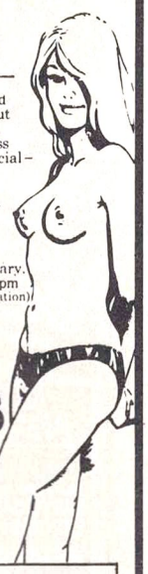

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From the Publishers of this Magazine

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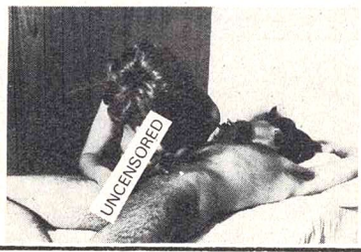

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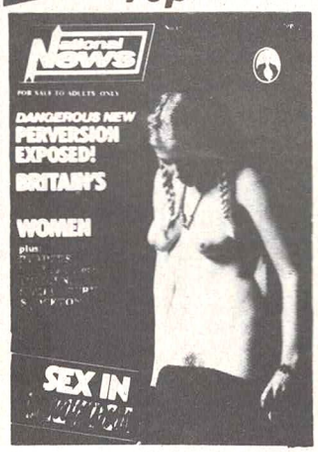

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Those red stockings certainly do things for a girl... enough to make you want to do things TO a girl!
Do I look pretty from where you're standing?

EASTERN DELIGHT

Continued from page 48

him, rubbing her soft belly over his lean hard backside and kissing with wet full lips his back. She was riding him – and he was riding Bhusi!

So the fleshy mix-up was a good start to this eastern feast. He'd be very busy. Three girls! And it could have been more! Wow! What had he found in this out-of-the-way dockside club?

There was little eastern about the way he screwed harshly into the soft flesh beneath him. For a first fuck, Bhusi was nice – and maybe equal to the others. Anyway, he could delve only into one pussy at a time, but he had a hunch that he'd be impelled to feed cock to all three.

The lithe lovely girls were all over him, fighting for his hard frame, his arse cheeks, anything they could lay hands on. They couldn't actually get his prick because that was deep inside Bhusi, pistoning swiftly to the inevitable end. But one girl felt his balls, playing deftly with them, tickling him to some ecstasy. Muhme was riding his backside again, a kind of flesh-smoothing trick, her cunt sliding over his buttocks.

Jack Bell dragged Bhusi grimly towards him so that her dusky box and the strong black hairs were hitting him, bone to bone. With his hands under her wide rounded bum-cheeks, she was all his, her arms around his neck. He couldn't escape her grim sexual grip – and she could not.

There was no other action than this incessant piston-pounding cock action. He rammed, partly withdrew – then rammed again. His horny flesh seemed to be inside soft wet meat, with a kind of gasping dredging taking place that seemed to suck at his one-eyed dick.

Bhusi's soft belly was a lovely place to rest but there was no resting for him. She urged him into mad horny action even if her slowed the penis movement fractionally. She clutched him and rammed sucking lips to his mouth, greeding sex out of the kiss. Her juicy red lips were eastern in their impact with his writhing mouth – or was that another fantasy? But this mashing kiss was like that of a harem girl, giving delight to the master, blatantly sexual, eating him.

He was rising to his climax, he knew. The spunk was coming, tearing up his fuck-tube so hotly. He hoped it would scald the pink skins of her vagina!

And then he exploded seminally, cocking the stuff deep into her mysterious blit, his brain almost dazed by the fleshy delight of it all. Muhme was fondling his arse. Filsee was toying with his balls.

But still she writhed, as if expecting him to continue with the cunt-pounding.

"Hey – I'm knackered!" he gasped.

"Oh – our men can do better..."

"YOU CAN SUCK ON THAT," HE ANNOUNCED. "FUCKS LATER..."

Jack Bell sank to the lovely belly beneath him, bone hitting bone, but his sexual rhythm spent now. The sweaty hole was full of cum. Bhusi seemed to love it all, her orgasm having coincided with his spurting ejaculation.

"You little liar!" he snapped. "A fuck is just that! Don't tell me you have some racial tricks."

"I could suck off your peeny better than any other girl..."

"You mean better than a British girl?"

"Don't be racial!" she giggled.

He grinned down at her. "Is a fuck racial?"

"Your length seems all right, Jack. It's good for you our men are in Akobo..."

"Yeah – ain't it? And good for you, too, darling – because a change of prick is good for any girl – brown or white."

Suddenly, Bhusi wriggled from out under his heavy body, a trick that her lithe shape was just built for. Muhme quit caressing his arse with her belly and slid under him, grabbing at his soft cock with her hand.

"Hi!" he protested.

"What is wrong?"

"Give me a chance. Bhusi has sucked all the cream out of me!"

"You have plenty left, man."

"Oh have I?" In a way she was right because with every passing second the thick vengeful sexuality surged back into him. He felt horny again. He wanted to shag this Muhme, pour out some sweaty fluids and finally, tank her up.

But he thought three fucks in a row was lacking in variety and, anyway, there were other sexual tricks to play.

He pushed the girls to one side – all three of them – and sat up on the bed, his knees drawn up and his penis sticking up proudly like a wet flagpole.

"You can suck on that," he announced. "Fucks later..."

They giggled and laughed. Filsee suddenly shoved her lovely dark head close to him and took the thick sweaty prick right into her mouth. She sucked and then slipped away.

"Bhusi next..."

It was a game they played with him. Bhusi applied her mouth and sucked sweetly on his prick end, although she had had the monster up her genital slit only a moment ago. Still, she had some primitive desires where flesh and sex were concerned, obviously believing that all sexual pleasure was like a meal to enjoy.

She nearly got his cum up the stem again before she darted her head away. But there was no respite. Muhme applied her red wide mouth, eating with enjoyment into the genital length of male meat.

Jack Bell writhed in pain and ecstasy as the thrills chased up his stem and made his balls churn. He'd come, he knew it!

The hot sticky stuff shot like a jet into Muhme's mouth and he groaned. This enjoyment was akin to pain!

The girl promptly swallowed

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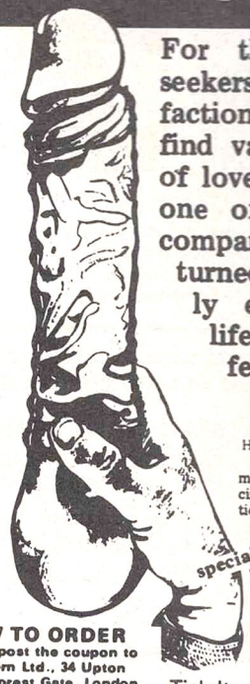

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ISSUE 102
The petrol attendent is tied up and robbed by three girls, but laying on the floor he can see up their skirts and gets a hard on. They notice this and start to tease him, sitting on his face, fondling each other, and licking his cock, to a group oral orgasm.

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ISSUE 103
Anna's horsey friends get quite frisky when they hear that she is being fucked by a great stallion and when they see her sucking him off and then push her steaming pussy over his giant cock, they all join in.

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First of all the office boy is fucked by the M.D.'s secretary, then she starts on the big guard dog. At the same time the cleaning lady can be seen stuffing a broom handle up the wet pussy of a young girl from the typing pool. And so it goes on.

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the stuff. Jack Bell stared at her in a subdued light. "You eat it?"

"Good for any girl..."

"Is it? Aren't you scared you get pregnant – or something?"

Muhme laughed. "Now who is the ignorant racial type? I won't get pregnant..."

He was interested. "How is that? The Pill?"

"We have herbs. Some shops sell them."

"Did you like my cum?" he asked boldly.

She laughed again. "It isn't the first time I've swallowed the hot stuff. It is nice to taste... so salty..."

"Doesn't it make you sick?"

"Oh, no! Men's cum is good for a girl – so I've been taught."

He laughed crazily, looking around, hardly believing that all this sultry sexual joy was happening to hum. Thank God, he was fit. Thank God, too, for Akobo!

"I'll have to shag you, Muhme,"he said. "But I'm getting rid of the stamina a bit too fast. Can you wait?"

"Filsee might put a finger up my blit..."

He grinned. "Heck, you lot have got all the anglo-saxon terms."

"We are anglo-saxon," chorussed the girls.

He doubted it but who was he to argue? He was here to screw, it seemed, owing to the absence of their men.

The girls sat around, beautifully naked and warm, erotic as any painting of lovely nudes ready for a frolic. While they were waiting for him to get some steam back into his tube, they began fooling around amongst themselves.

Lesbian instincts are not confined to one race. Bhusi joggled with Filsee's lovely boob-flesh for some moments, stirring the heat in that girl because the nipples erected under the stimulous.

"Leave some lechery for me..." protested Jack.

"We are waiting, o master!" mocked Bhusi.

"Less of that shit..."

"But you are master. We've been taught that the male is to be admired..."

"We British like to admire the female."

"Yes. You are strange people. We think that the phallic Thing is the overpowering weapon."

"The pussy is lovely," said Jack.

"Oh, no – the penis is superior!"

It was an argument that might have gone on for some time and superceded the actual sexing, but Jack Bell suddenly felt his animalish urge return. He'd seen Muhme stick a long brown finger up her sex-hole, as if exploring or in examination.

His urge hit him and his cock went up and stayed rigid. He grabbed Muhme. "You next, darling..."

There was a sudden lithe twisting around of brown bodies and one white, and then Muhme was in the right position for a hard grind. It was kind of conventional stuff, he admitted to himself, but with three girls on hand to feed maybe the ordinary fuck position was the best.

Anyway, Muhme seemed to like the deep-shag from the moment it got going. She welcomed him with her hot lovely blit, as if she had secret muscles in that sweet pussy-space and was sucking him in. He did the actual pistoning, the usual male thing, but she certainly seemed to haul his penis into the hole.

Maybe he was being fanciful again, something that this eastern trio induced. But his fuck-tube did seem to slide into Muhme's hot hole with astonishing ease. In any case, he was hard, erect, his weapon a wicked horn.

He bucked and rode to a vigorous finish, making Muhme mutter some strange words of pleasure. Someone had taught her to appreciate sexing. She still had the whispered, moaning words of her ancestors. "Lishni! Lishni!" He thought she meant faster – harder – so he really screwed.

He tore into a harsh ejaculation that really did hit his testicles and other glands for a sixer. As he spat vengefully, he groaned some dismay. This game was hurting him!

There was a restful pause after the grind against Muhme's soft yielding flesh but Filsee was getting insistent.

"You have not foooked me..." There it was again, this slight foreign intonation of that anglo-saxon word.

"Why can't we play some less physical games?" he asked.

"All sex is physical," said Bhusi. "That is why when we go to the Great Beyond there is no sex and no creation. It is all here on earth."

He laughed. "God! Weird! Of course all sexual creation is here on earth. Corpses don't fuck."

The three girls seemed to huddle together, nakedly, suddenly silent. "You should not joke about these things..."

"But it's all a joke,"he yelled. "I mean, here we are – shagging like good'ns – and you seem to believe it is mysterious."

"The Phallic is creative – and so mysterious!" said Bhusi.

"Oh, balls!" He sat up and watched his penis droop. It was warm, full of mixed odours which were not unpleasant. He thought of the pussy skins it had caressed and of the fluids it had mixed. "Hey – what about positions? What kind of sexual positions do you like in intercourse? That discussion should give me a breather."

"Any position," laughed Muhme.

"The penis will find a way," added Filsee.

"You bet!" He suddenly reached forward and took Filsee into his greedy embrace. He figured he had enough stamina left to give her a real sexual hiding, one she should like.

She was a warm eager mould of female flesh under his guidance, and she proved that position was okay by her as long as he got on with the poke. She lay flat on her belly, her legs wide, and he rode into the haven between thighs and buttocks so nicely. It was a rearward action and he was right into her, in the juicy slit, the real genital passage.

She lay and took all he could give in the way of a vigorous shaft. When he finally blinded his seed into her, she quivered and moaned weirdly, ecstatically. He screwed all three, finally.

There were many other little erotic games – like getting the girls to pose naked for him, smoothing hands all over his body, rubbing some scented oil into his gut muscles. Well, he had worked hard and was entitled to a massage!

He thought Akobo was great. All those silly sods doing without!

They returned to the club when they finally dressed again, and he basked in many admiring glances from all these dusky women.

Jack Bell made a mistake, though.

He returned to the club a week later, feeling full of horn. There was something wrong. The place was full of dark-faced guys.

In ten seconds flat he realised that Akobo Week was over!

NEW WEEKEND SEX

New Weekend Sex (INCORPORATING COMPANIONS) is now the biggest and best contact magazine in Britain – with up to 1,000 adverts in each issue! These are from all parts of Britain – the magazine also contains direct contacts with masseuses, escorts and models. BUT in contrast to mags of this sort which usually cost £2, £3 or even £5; new Weekend Sex costs just 75p. from your local newsagent or send £1 for the latest issue to: NEW WEEKEND SEX, 34 Upton Lane, London E.7. (OR better still send £9.00 for a subscription which includes a free W/A action magazine!)

278

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298

The Magazine:

PLAYBIRDS

The original colour magazine for those who like it strong.

The Film:

THE PLAYBIRDS

The new explicit sex thriller movie for those who like it on film.

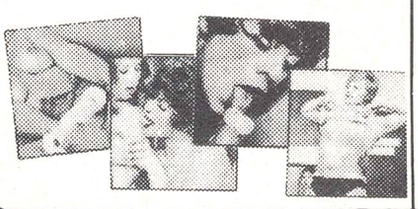
The Magazine:

COVER GIRL

The newest Men's magazine for those who like it classy.

Three in a Bed!

Playbirds Magazine, the leading colour porn magazine in the UK. Its reputation is founded on several years of bringing subjects that no other magazine dare match. Single girl crotch/masturbation shots, group, duo and les sequences—all in glorious colour, the like of which has yet to be equalled. The expensive paper on which Playbirds is produced is matched only by the explicit shots printed on it. See actual shots of intercourse, oral sex and unusual object vaginal penetration. An awful lot of porn for very little money—95p from your newsagent or £1 mail order. A year's supply—guaranteed—just for you is available at the subscription price of £10. Get it now—it has to be seen to be believed.



It had to come—a full length feature film called The Playbirds. Already being judged an all-time classic by people in the business, it is a superbly produced sex film with a climax that has to be seen to be believed.

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(Remember the Playbirds are here—Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus. Make sure you come—don't miss out).

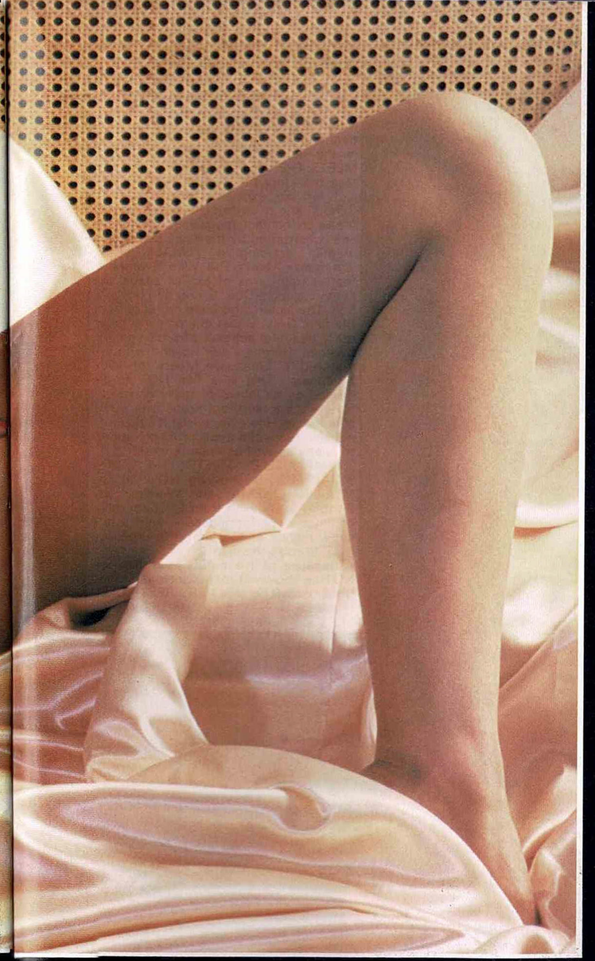
GAIL

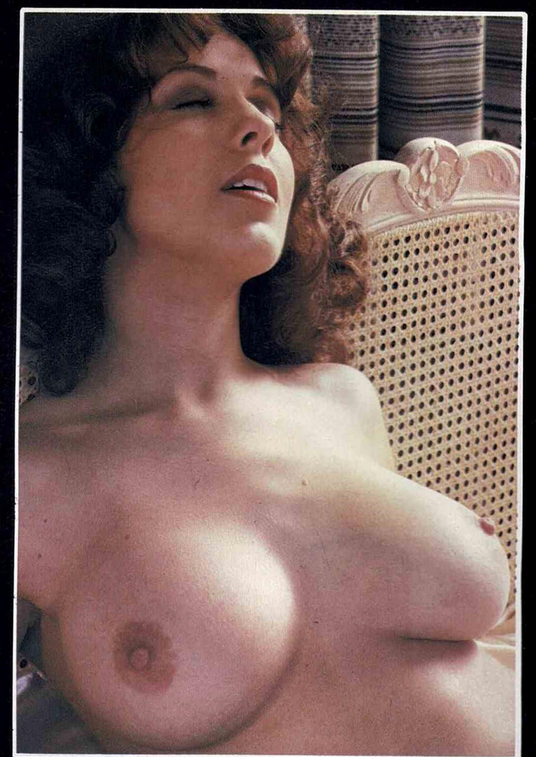
A gorgeous girl, with the most beautiful breasts ever seen on any Playbirds model – ever!

JUST ANOTHER, BEAUTIFUL SEXY ACTRESS

Meet Gail, she's just one of the beautiful and sexy actresses who appear in the new erotic movie EMANUELLE MEETS THE WIFE SWAPPERS. The film tells the story of a young girl who has just left an exclusive Swiss Finishing School, she goes to college and does a thesis on porno magazines. Obviously, she is corrupted by the kinky people she meets, including a FEMALE sailor. 'Emanuelle Meets The Wife Swappers' features all forms of explicit sexual activity, including Duo, Group and Les Action. The pictures here are not stills from the film. Gail is just one of thirty or so really beautiful actresses from Denmark, Sweden, Germany and Holland who are featured in 'Emanuelle Meets the Wife Swappers'. This is a film NOT to be missed by all lovers of really good sex films – it's a hard, but erotic film, a real blue movie. However, whilst it's naughty it's also funny, so it will probably appeal to lady as well as male readers. 'EMANUELLE MEETS THE WIFE SWAPPERS' is showing from 30th November at the MOULIN CINEMA, Gt. Windmill St., Soho. It is showing from 11.15am daily, continuous performances – with a late show nightly at 11.00pm. We urge you NOT to miss this film!

Because of its nature, this film will NOT be shown at many cinemas around Britain, it will be on a VERY RESTRICTED release – so we urge you to TRAVEL TO SEE THIS FILM.





Quite simply, a stunning physique! And the closer you look, the prettier it gets.
Gail's bottom's equally delectable, "Like to lick me, lover?"
"Please I need you inside me... all of you."

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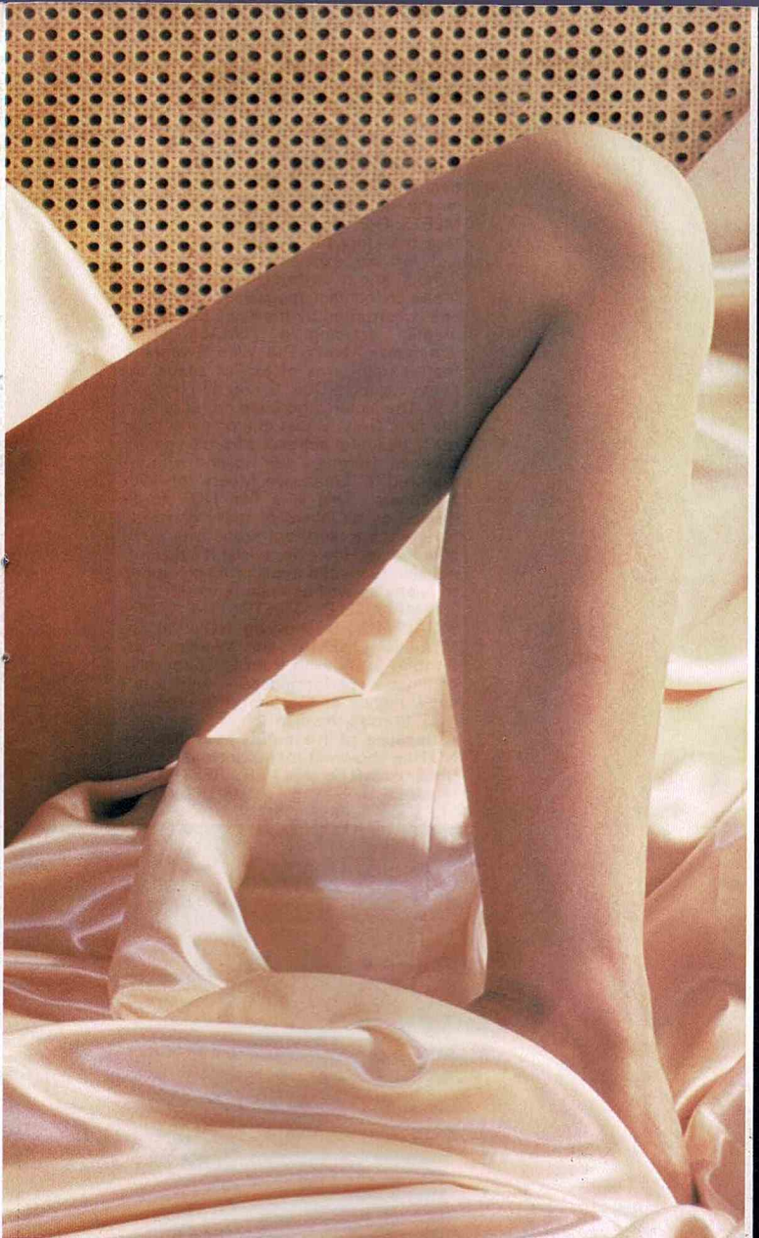

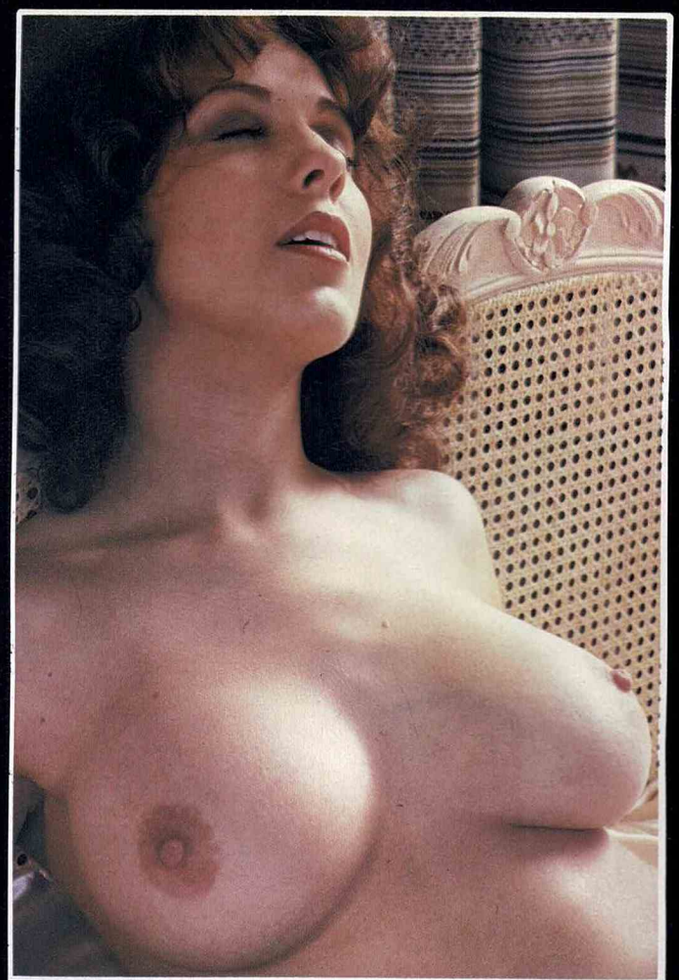

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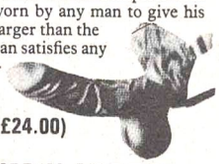

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THE CLUB

Continued from page 16

"Of course," continued David, "whoever stays in this room will have the services of any two girls that he cares to choose, and the girls will all be included in the price. There are also over one hundred blue films in stock, so that should keep him happy most of the night."

"Don't switch the film off," whispered June, her eyes lighting up with passion. "I'd like to see it all the way through." On the screen a woman was making love to another woman and a man, and they were doing things to each other which really turned June on. She stood up from where she was sitting on the edge of the bed, took her clothes off, and told her husband to do the same.

Soon they were both naked and rolling about on the huge bed, and the blue films continued to be projected onto the screen. June thought it was a perfect setting in which to make love.

David stretched out on the bed and June took his swollen glans into her warm mouth and sucked on it for a little while, then, when it was really hard and throbbing, she moved over the bed, opened her legs wide, and told her husband to screw her.

David didn't have to be asked twice. He looked down at her puffed out quim lips and saw little drops of juice seeping from the delicate folds and soaking into the sheets on the bed. The scent of her juices was everywhere in the room, and as he breathed in her thick musky smell his penis started to throb even harder than ever. He groaned with excitement and lowered himself between her long, slim legs.

June gasped out loud as she felt the hard tip of his knob brush up and down her crinkled vaginal lips. She gasped even louder as it slid into her love tube, and then she shouted for joy as the tip of his glans went in so deep that it almost touched the mouth of her womb. She clamped her legs round his strong back and drew him even deeper into her wet pussy hole.

David flattened himself along her soft naked body and he felt the hard points of her nipples crush into his chest, then he started to slowly move his erect member in and out of that delightful love tube.

June felt his penis fill her all the way up, and she used every bit of the strength in her vaginal muscles to clamp down on his shaft and squeeze it inside her; then she started to move her hips and bum up and down, being very careful to match him stroke for stroke. She didn't want him to fall out at that stage of the game.

David was going in and out of her now just as fast as he could, and his buttocks were going up and down like a run away piston engine. He could hear great slurping noises every time his prick went in or out and he could feel his shaft becoming very sticky from her flowing juices. His balls were banging against her soft flesh, and sweat was starting to break out all over his body; and still he plunged away for all he was worth, and drove deeper and deeper into her with every stroke till she was screaming with lust and panting for joy.

June raked her nails up and down his shoulders as she whispered "harder, harder" in his ear. It was one of the best screws that she had ever had and she wanted it to go on forever. She loved the way his savage penis was battering against her soft delicate internal walls; she loved the way his balls were banging against her; she loved the way his hot hard glans was slamming right up to the mouth of her womb, and most of all she loved the many multiple orgasms that were powering their way through her body at every stroke from his massive penis. She could hear his heavy breathing, could see the lust gleaming in his eyes, and she could feel that prick going on and on for ever inside her soaking wet vagina.

But nothing lasts for ever. David suddenly gave a massive gasp; his balls tightened up, his prick jerked, and he sent a huge jet of hot sticky spunk into her tight love tube. As that hot sperm hit the sides of her vagina, June also shouted out loud, and orgasm after orgasm ripped through her as that sticky sperm started to swim about inside her. Then she placed her right hand on his balls and squeezed them till she was sure that every last drop of spunk in his body had been ejaculated into her wet love tube.

When his penis was limp again, David pulled it out then rolled over on the bed, he was exhausted. It had been the best screw he had ever experienced. He glanced over at his wife and saw that June had a very satisfied look on her face, and that she was looking down at her vagina and watching his sperm trickle from the folds of her delicate quim lips. "Seems a pity to waste all that sperm," he said, smiling.

"Well you know what to do," said June, returning his smile, then she stretched out on the bed and opened her legs, anticipating the pleasure that was still to come; for David was about to do something to her that she really loved and enjoyed very much.

David got up from the bed and walked over to the cocktail cabinet in the far corner of the room. He opened one of the drawers, produced a small silver spoon, then went back to the bed. "Do it," said June, "Do it slowly and softly, but do it!"

David obliged her. He pushed that small spoon into her sperm-filled vagina and moved it about inside her, deep inside her. When he pulled the spoon out of her it was covered with his sticky spunk. He held the spoon out to June who took it from him and then raised it up to her beautiful face.

She sniffed at it for a few moments enjoying the scent of the sperm all mixed up with her own love juices, then she opened her mouth and licked all the sperm from the spoon, then she handed it back to David who once more pushed it into her vagina and pulled out another large glob of spunk.

They did this over and over again until every last drop of spunk had been fished from her vagina with the spoon and she had swallowed it all down into her stomach. They both lost count of the number of orgasms that she had, but it was so exciting to watch that David found he had a huge erection again. So he threw the spoon away, mounted her again and, to put it in his own words "screwed the ass off her". By the end of the session her vagina was quite sore, but she didn't mind, she had enjoyed it all.

Afterwards June said: "Well, if that's the sort of thing people can get up to in our club then I can't wait for opening night, so that I can try out all the other rooms in the place, and meet all the other men and women that will be here."

"And don't forget," said David. "They will only be here for one thing. Sex, and all its variations."

NEXT MONTH: In Part Two of 'The Club' we read all about the opening night, how the air was filled with sperm and love juices, how naked bodies seemed to be everywhere, and how the police raided the club and... but buy next month's issue of this magazine and find out for yourself, it will be one of the best stories that you have ever read – anywhere!

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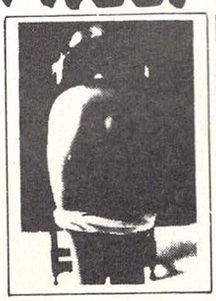

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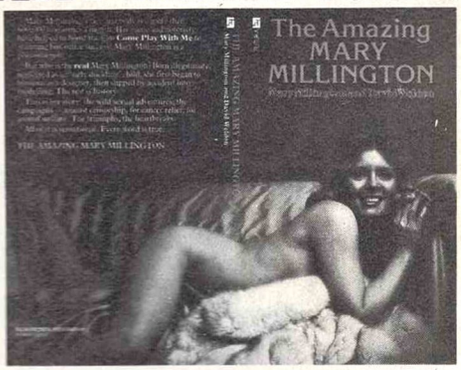

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WATCH OUT FOR MARY'S Great Feature film in your local cinema soon – 'THE PLAYBIRDS' – the best sex film of all time – look out for surprise PERSONAL APPEARANCES by Mary to promote BOTH 'THE PLAYBIRDS' and her book 'THE AMAZING MARY MILLINGTON' all over Britain. 34A

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253X

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NOW OPEN IN SOHO!

Most cinema clubs show American or Dutch films which are simply not as good as the porno films from Scandinavia. At the Swedish Paradise Cinema Centre you will only see films from Denmark and Sweden and then only the very best available. All the films are full length colour with English sound not dubbed the club is very modern, with good seating and boasts a full size screen.

See the very best from Scandinavia in the very best of modern comfort. Membership just £1.00.

306

SWEDISH PARADISE CINEMA CENTRE

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8 NEW PORNOGRAPHIC FILMS

FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

You probably know how difficult it is to obtain really HARD CORE FILMS in Britain. NOW THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS MAGAZINE bring you the nearest thing to hard core ever produced and openly sold in Britain. ALL IN FULL GLORIOUS COLOUR! YOU KNOW HOW STRONG OUR MAGAZINES ARE – AND THIS IS PROOF THAT OUR FILMS WILL BE EVEN STRONGER! AND LOOK AT THESE FABULOUS PRICES: £18 each, three different £50, all 8 just £125. All the films are lavishly produced with superb wardrobes and settings.

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EIGHT NEW FILMS:

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The ageing headmaster really gives two naughty schoolgirls some punishment! and then extracts his sexual pleasure (both intercourse and oral). Full costumes – headmasters robes and gymslips! £18.

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An orgy on a billiard table! Fucking, sucking, the lot. And both billiard balls and cues are used for sexually deviant ends! £18.

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A lesbian NURSES film. See two young and attractive nurses make love to each other. See the vagina and clitoris of one nurse stimulated by the mouth and hands of the other. £18.

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An orgy in a Dentist's surgery involving the nurses and the dentist. Full nurses costumes. Actual penetration pictures £18.

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   THE PRIVATE SHOP, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7.
   Open 9.30 am – 6.00 pm Weekdays (8.00 pm Wednesday) and 9.30 am – 3.45 pm Saturdays. Just two minutes from Forest Gate (B.R.) from Liverpool Street, or ten minutes from Upton Park, District Line tube.
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Please send me the following films – tick as applicable, at £18.00 each, any three £50, all 8 just £125. ☐1 ☐2 ☐3 ☐4 ☐5 ☐6 ☐7 ☐8

I enclose cheque.P.O.cash for £_____

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

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If you do not wish to damage this magazine, write your order on a plain sheet of paper.
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ANNE

The return of a classic blonde

I'll hang on to the bed, so that you can mount me from behind. Don't bother being gentle... There – I think I'm ready for you.

THE NEW LOOK COVER GIRL

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A VERY SPECIAL OFFER

COVER GIRL OFFERS READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE The LATEST ISSUE of 'COVER GIRL' PLUS All 8 Back Issues (9 issues in all) for just £5! In this way you can complete your set of COVER GIRL! To take advantage of this offer fill in the coupon opposite and mail it to: COVER GIRL, 34 Upton Lane, London E.7.

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Take out a subscription to COVER GIRL by filling in the coupon opposite and we'll send you 5 FREE all colour Scan action mags!

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8 NEW SCANDANAVIAN SEX FILMS *HOT ACTION -SUPER PRICES*

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Film–442	The huge breasted girl loves to take on 2 men at once. She keeps every hole busy with her friends.	Film–446	Dirty old men need love too! This lucky man gets willing young stuff for a juicy hot ball!
Film–443	This beautiful black duo and swinging white couple put their heads and bodies together, result . . . a boiling display of animal lust!	Film–447	Ingrid loves sex and when she can't have a man she has to make do with a vibrator. Masturbation shots at their best.
Film–444	3 sex starved lesbians, in a night of shocking wet passion, with uncontrollable writhing orgasms.	Film–448	Wife swapping has become the country's most exciting pastime. The two couples show why as they come together in a steamy display of super sex!

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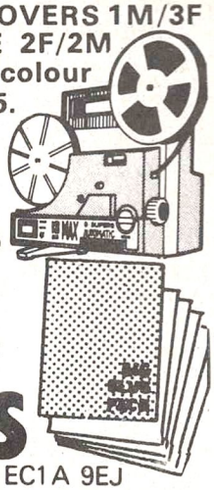

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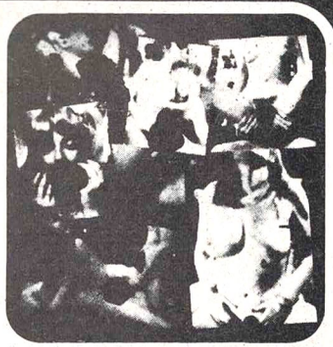
Fed up with the cheap and nasty film clubs, small screens and dingy basements – then come to the finest Cinema Club around.



Two very luxurious, big screen cinemas under one roof, both showing the best All American porno movies – 2 hour full length colour and sound made with million dollar budgets.

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woman & animals

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WARNING: These books are completely detailed and leave NOTHING to the imagination of the reader. The most unusual publications ever to be sold in Britain. Do not buy them if you are easily shocked or offended by the perverted!!!!!
The usual price of these publications (the average price being charged for them in Soho) is £3 each, we offer you a sample copy of Woman and Animals for £2, two different for £3, four different £5.50p post free
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME: Mon/Fri: 9.00 a.m.-6.00 p.m. Sats: 9.00 a.m.-4.00 p.m.) We are five minutes from Forest Gate (B.R. three stops from Liverpool Street)
SEND TO: KURT JOHANSON
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Just fill in the coupon if you do not wish to damage this magazine, fill out your order on a plain sheet of paper. Make payment by cheque or postal order. All goods will be despatched by return under plain cover.

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- **Full length colour sound porn films**
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ii) EAST LONDON: The Private Shop, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London, E.7. (just two minutes from Forest Gate B.R. station – two stops from Liverpool St.), or ten minutes from UPTON PARK district line tube.
BOTH shops are open 9.30am-6.00pm weekdays. 9.30am-3.45pm Sats. Late night Wednesday until 8.00pm.

Please send me a new supercharged male masturbating unit. I enclose £12.50.

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SPECIAL OFFER ORDER FORM:

SEND TO: ROANDALE, 34 UPTON LANE, LONDON E.7. (Callers welcome)

Please send me (tick):
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Emanuelle
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THE STRONGEST, MOST EXPLICIT, YET FUNNY, SEX FILM, EVER SHOWN IN BRITAIN!

EMANUELLE DOES A THESIS ON SEX!

EMANUELLE LEAVES HER FINISHING SCHOOL AND GOES TO A SEX COLLEGE

Featuring the very lovely 'DEBBIE DELIGHT'

STARRING —
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Nearest tube, Piccadilly Circus, showing 7 days a week, continuous performances from 11.15am (late show 11.00pm nightly)

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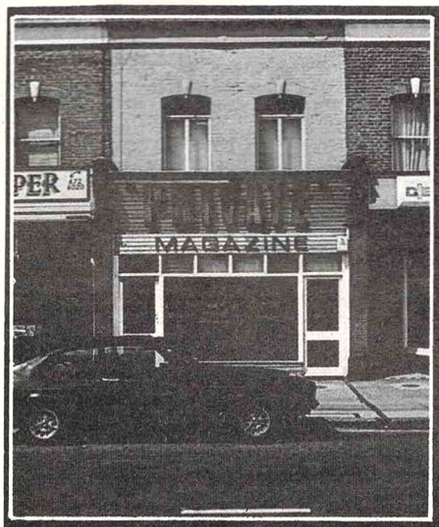

WHY DON'T YOU VISIT THE BIGGEST SEX SHOP IN EAST LONDON?

Yes **THE PRIVATE SHOP at 34 UPTON LANE, LONDON E.7.** (FOREST GATE) has the largest selection of Our magazines (including all current and back issues), imported American, Danish and Swedish material, hard-core movies, imported sex aids, etc.

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Drop in for friendly service AND IF YOU BRING ALONG THIS ADVERT WE'LL GIVE YOU A FREE MAGAZINE WITH EVERY PURCHASE!

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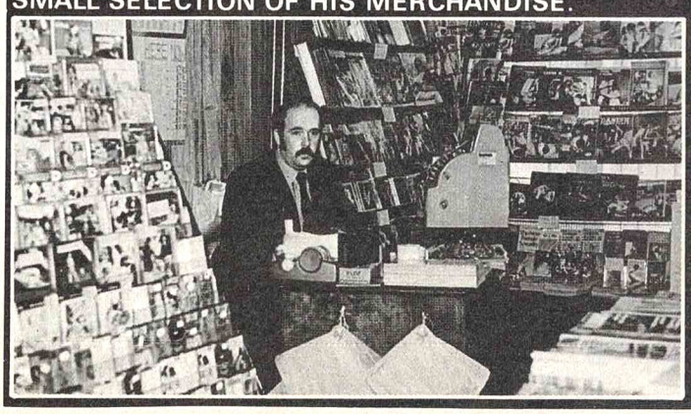
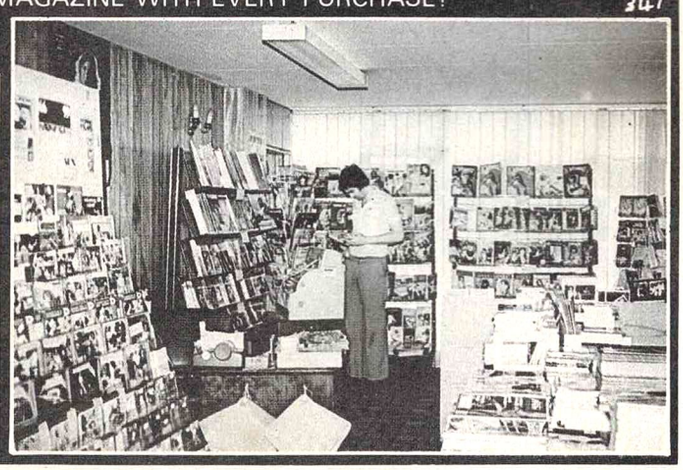
BILL EDWARDS – YOUR PUBLISHER WITH JUST A SMALL SELECTION OF HIS MERCHANDISE.





IN NEXT MONTH'S PLAYBIRDS

MORE GORGEOUS GIRLS - AND A RATHER WELL-ENDOWED MALE!

Regular PLAYBIRDS readers are by now aware of our policy of always including at least one set of 'mixed' photographs in each issue, but the guy in next month's issue is no average stud, in fact, he's hung like a donkey! American porno stud Bill Chalmers 'stars' in a kinky close-up set with model Olivia in next month's red-hot issue. So if you want to feel inferior, buy a copy!

SPECIAL OFFER TO SUBSCRIBERS:

Take out a subscription to PLAYBIRDS and we will send you COMPLETELY FREE OF CHARGE a £30 porno pack of imported sex magazines, chiefly Scandinavian.

HOW TO ORDER

To make sure of YOUR copy:

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2) MAIL ORDER from our Mail order agents: Roandale, 34 Upton Lane, London, E.7. (all goods sent by return under plain cover).
3) CALL IN PERSON AT:
   i) SOUTH LONDON: The Whitehouse Shop, 1539 London Road, Norbury, S.W.16. Just one minute from NORBURY Station (15 mins. from Victoria by B.R.)
   ii) EAST LONDON: The Private Shop, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London, E.7. (just two minutes from Forest Gate B.R. station two stops from Liverpool St.), or ten minues from UPTON PARK district line tube.

BOTH shops are open 9.30am-6.00pm weekdays, 9.30am-3.45pm Sats. Late night Wednesday until 8.00pm.

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☐ Playbirds No.30 at £1.20 (includes carriage)

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WE'VE GOT THE SEXIEST SELECTION IN TOWN!

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*PRIVATE SHOP, 34 Upton Lane, London E.7. Just two mins from Forest Gate Station (BR from Liverpool St.) and two minutes from Upton Park District line tube. The shop is open from 8.30am-6.00pm daily (Wed till 8.00pm, Sats till 4.00pm).

*WHITEHOUSE SHOP, 1539 London Rd, Norbury. The Whitehouse shop is opposite Norbury Station, just 15 minutes from Victoria (British Rail). It's open from 10.00am till 6.00pm Mon-Fri. Sats till 5.00pm.

COME ALONG FOR YOUR FREE GIFTS

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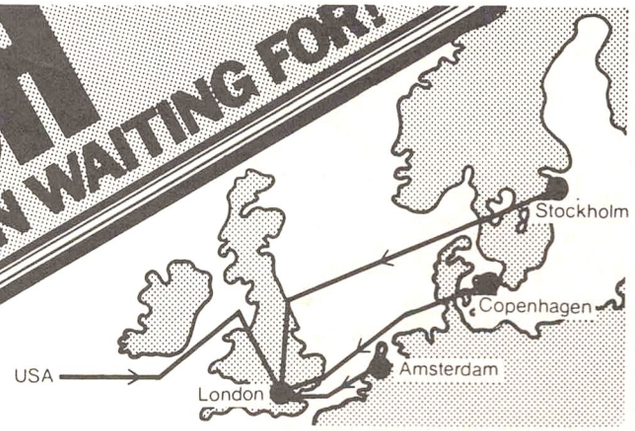
MAURA

PORNO NEWSFLASH

GREAT NEWS YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR!



If you are really after the strong genuine imported Swedish/Danish porno material and do not want to pay the excessive Soho bookshop prices where they are charging £5.00-£6.00 per magazine, or £30.00-£35.00 per film, look at these offers from our newly established English company at the original Swedish/Danish prices! We want you to read over this page of offers, remembering all lines are bang up to date, and then compare prices with any other deals. OUR PRICES ARE THE CHEAPEST!! SVEN BOOKS, 228 GREEN ST, LONDON E7.

IMPORTED HARDCORE MATERIAL

Yes, the REAL THING – all the mags cover:

1. Mixed sex action shots – the real thing not just simulation
2. Single girl crutch shots – the Scandinavian sort
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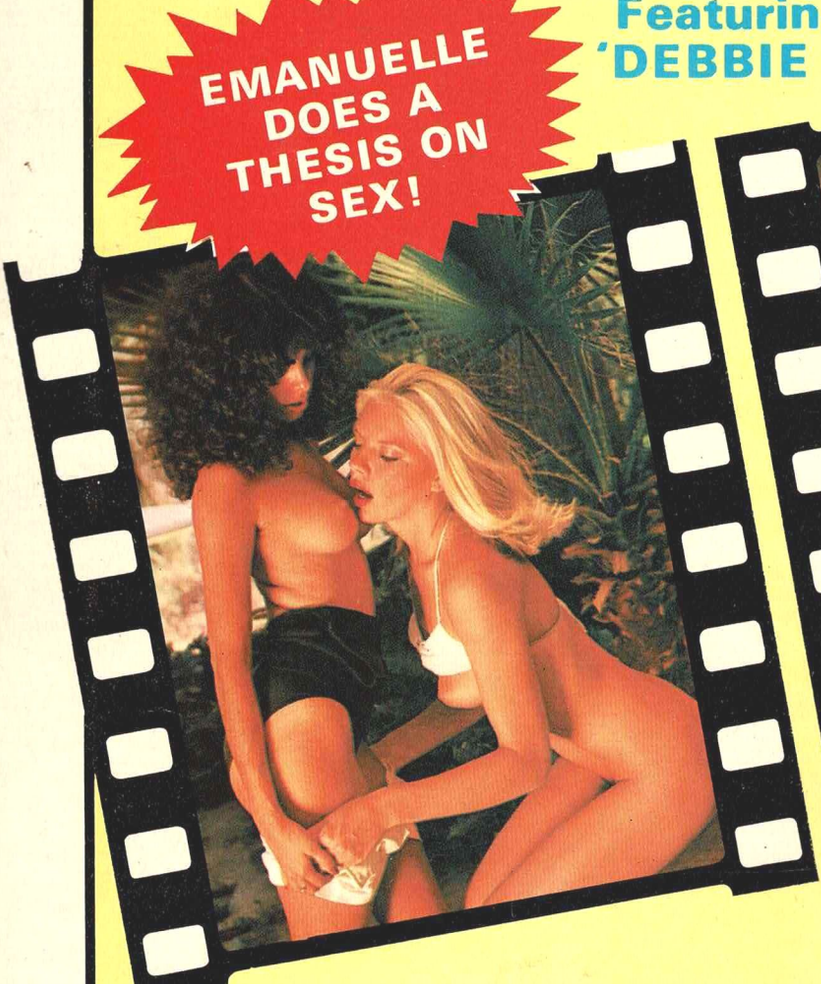

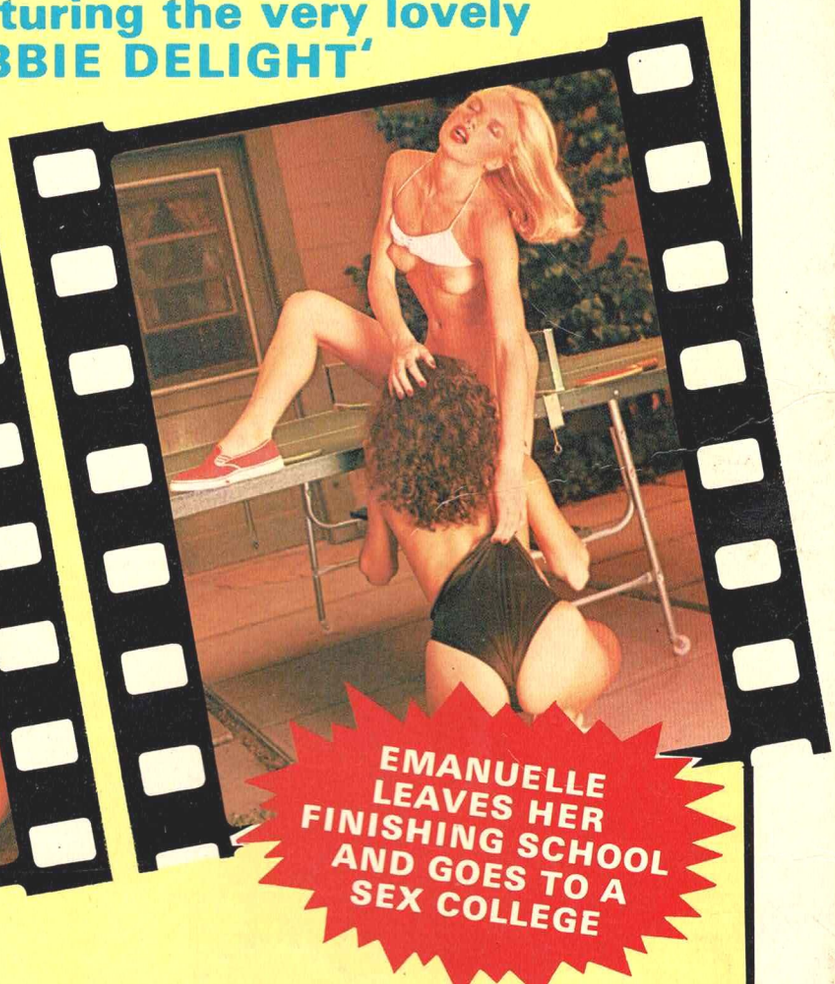

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